

Arlington Advocate.

CHARLES S. PARKER, Editor and Proprietor.

Devoted to the Local Interests of the Town.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR. Single copies 5 cents.

Vol. XXII.

ARLINGTON, MASS., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1893.

No. 6.

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Some Death Losses Paid by the Mass. Mutual Life Ins. Co.
From Oct. 20, 1892, to Nov. 20, 1892.

No. of Policy.	Name of Insured and Residence at Time of Death.	Amount of Policy Including Additions.	Premiums Paid Less Dividends.	Profit on Investment.
2,012	Isaac D. Allen, Newton, Mass.	\$1,000	\$165.36	\$835.64
12,298	John B. Stewart, Abundant, Mass.	2,000	515.54	1,484.46
19,351	Catharine M. Hess, Philadelphia, Pa.	4,827	2,619.70	2,207.30
45,291	Andrew J. Houghton, Crookline, Mass.	5,000	2,414.15	2,585.85
48,257	" " " " " "	5,000	2,310.35	2,689.65
51,292	Warren E. Peavey, Cambridge, Mass.	1,500	480.58	1,019.42
65,888	Andrew J. Houghton, Brookline, Mass.	15,000	3,701.12	11,298.88
70,419	Simon R. Polson, Dover, N. H.	2,000	280.40	1,719.60
73,600	William Morris, Covington, Ky.	5,000	574.45	4,425.55
73,601	" " " " " "	5,000	574.45	4,425.55
77,735	John H. Pope, Forest City, Ark.	5,000	141.20	4,858.80
79,191	William M. Rank, Philadelphia, Pa.	10,000	432.00	9,568.00

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ARLINGTON ABOUT TOWN MATTERS.

Notices of concerts, lectures, entertainments, etc., to which an admission fee is charged, must be paid for as advertisements, by the line.

—The Young People's Mission Band, of the Baptist church, meets in the vestries, next Saturday afternoon, at half past two o'clock.

—Each Monday afternoon the ladies of the First Parish meet in the parlor of their church and work diligently for their annual parish fair, which usually takes place the first week in March.

—The Lexington Male Chorus will give their first concert of the season, at the Town Hall, Thursday evening, Feb. 9th. Tickets on sale at the Post Office, Monday morning, Feb. 6th, at 7 a. m.

—An "Old-Fashioned Supper and Reception," with entertainment, consisting of music and readings, will be given in the vestry of the Pleasant street Congregational church, Wednesday evening, February 8. Tickets 35 cents.

—Owing to the death of the late Dr. R. L. Hodgdon, the sociable of the Unitarian parish announced for Wednesday, Feb. 1st, is postponed for one week. Dr. Hodgdon was a prominent member of this parish.

—Mrs. Charlotte Bacon will have charge of the service under the auspices of the Y. P. S. C. E., held in the vestry of the Universalist church, on Sunday evening, Feb. 5th. "Loving is Giving," is the subject chosen for the meeting.

—The Endeavor Society of the Baptist church will meet in the vestry, next Sunday evening, at quarter past six. "Joy in God's service and in his house," is the topic, with Bible references in Ezra, 6:16, and Rom., 14:16-19.

—At 6:30 o'clock, in the vestry of the Congregational church, the young people will hold their weekly Y. P. S. C. E. meeting, under the leadership of Mr. R. B. Henderson. The subject for the same is: "Joy in God's service and in His house."

—The Sunday evening services will be continued at the First Parish church. The bad walking on last Sunday evening affected the attendance somewhat, but it did not impair the excellence of Rev. Frederic Gill's address or the attractiveness of the music by the Sunday school orchestra.

—While leaving the residence of the late Dr. Hodgdon, a little more than a week ago, Mr. George Y. Wellington slipped on a small piece of ice and, in trying to save himself a fall, quite badly sprained the ankle of his right foot. The accident has kept him housed for the last few days.

—Owing to an indisposition Madam Condell was necessarily absent at the meeting of the children's dancing class on Wednesday afternoon. Her daughter, Mrs. Copp, took her place in directing the dancing and seemed quite successful in this capacity although she was missed from her customary position at the piano, where a substitute presided in her place.

—Those who participated in the "Smoke Talk" at Arlington Boat Club house, last season, will need no urging to induce special efforts to be on hand next Monday evening, which is set down in the special cards sent out as "Gentlemen's Night." The committee has arranged exercises that will make the evening one of unusual profit and pleasure alike to guests and members.

—A special service was held in the Universalist vestry by the Christian Endeavor Society in observation of Christian Endeavor Day, last Sunday evening. Addresses on the organization and work of the society were given by Mr. James Tillinghast, of Tufts College, and by Mr. Sanborn of Boston, on the subject of the Universalist Boys' Club and its good work. Mr. H. A. Kidder made a few remarks and the meeting was both interesting and instructive.

—At St. John's church, on Sunday morning, the rector will continue his special course of sermons of Prayer preparation to Lent. The subject will be "How to Pray." The two sermons of the course already given were on "The beauty and duty of Prayer" and "Finding time to Pray." The sermon to follow, which will be the fourth and last, will be on "The benefits of Prayer." The afternoon service will be at 2:30 o'clock, at the Henderson St. Mission and in the church at 4:30.

—Mrs. Ellen Walker will give a talk on English Literature, Tuesday afternoon, Feb. 7th, at three o'clock, at the residence of Mrs. E. A. Gleason, 18 Swan place. This "talk" will be free to all, and will embrace the four grand divisions of literature in its classified development, from earliest time to the present day, and the advantage of the study of literature for the purpose of mental training, and the right and wrong methods of approaching it as a liberal study. All interested are cordially invited.

—Mr. and Mrs. Robert B. Henderson will receive the Chautauqua Literary Circle, Feb. 22d, at their new residence on Addison street. A special program will be arranged for the occasion.

—The Rev. E. A. Horton, of Boston, will preach in the First Parish church, next Sunday evening, instead of on the 19th as previously announced. Mr. Horton is one of the finest preachers in Boston, and those who come to hear him will be well rewarded.

—Mr. Arthur H. Richardson arrived in town last Tuesday evening. He has accepted a business proposition from a Boston house and will not return to California. His family will doubtless join him here when the weather becomes more settled.

—The evening train leaving Boston at 7:50 was delayed a full hour before it reached Lexington, last evening, by the engine blowing out one of its cylinder heads, near the Lake street station, Arlington. It was five minutes of nine before the train pulled up in front of Arlington station, and a half hour was consumed in the run to Lexington. Only one side of the engine could be worked.

—Gilman Shattuck Stanton celebrated his 21st birthday on Saturday, Jan. 28th, at his home in New York city. After dining with his family and friends he finished the day by a small theatre party. His only regret was the absence of friends from Mass., but their interest and thought of the day was evidenced by the remembrances he received. May he live many years and pass each milestone as happy as the 21st.

—For the third time within less than a year an alarm of fire from Box 36 has summoned the firemen to extinguish a fire in Merrifield's building. About 11 o'clock, Tuesday evening, a brisk fire was burning in the rear room of the part occupied by Mr. P. McCarthy, tailor, but the prompt response of the department confined the damage to the burning of the wooden partition and some other slight damage in other parts of the rooms. Mr. McCarthy says his loss is about \$100 and less than that will probably cover damage to building.

—While coasting on Russell street on Saturday last, Jan. 28, Charlie Prescott was thrown from his sled and sustained a painful and serious injury to his left arm. The shoulder and arm was so swollen that it was impossible to set the fracture, but it was carefully bandaged by Dr. E. D. Hooker who was assisted in the case by Dr. Stevens, of Cambridge. Charlie seems to be peculiarly unfortunate. A few years ago he fell in his father's store and received a severe injury to one of his legs, the effect of which still lingers in a trifling degree.

—Last Sunday morning, at the Baptist church, Rev. Chas. H. Watson preached an impressive memorial sermon on the late Bishop Brooks. His subject was, "The servant of God and man."—Matt., 23:11. He first mentioned the deaths of the noted who recently passed away, spoke of their character and works for the distressed, and then referred to the late Bishop's love and generosity to the poor and distressed, the generous ways in which he helped them, of the respect everybody had for him and their sorrow at his death. The world mourns his loss, and the church to which he belonged could not hold him, for he was a true, broad Christian.

—Wm. R. T. Burdett, of Arlington, who received a severe fracture of the skull in being thrown from his horse while riding in Lexington, on date of Dec. 13, has recovered sufficiently from his injuries to be discharged from the Cambridge hospital where he has been since the accident. The fracture to the skull was an unusually severe one and his recovery seems almost a miracle. His condition was such at the time of the accident that the doctors were unable to perform the operation of trepanning the skull for several days and the left side was partially paralyzed. Mr. Burdett and his friends feel highly elated over his recovery, although as yet he remains under the care of Misses Drs. Tolman and Meers.

—By a notice in our advertising columns it will be seen that an enterprise is now well advanced which, when completed, will unite the towns of Arlington, Winchester and Stoneham by a direct surface road to be operated by electricity. The advantages to sections of the towns through which it will pass are of course of secondary importance when the question is put, what will Arlington

gain? That she must profit largely by a well built and thoroughly equipped road which will bring owners of real estate along the lower end of Mystic street within five minutes' of the steam car depot, goes without saying, and moneyed men here may well ask themselves if it is not well worth their while to give the enterprise liberal support.

—Rev. C. H. Watson, pastor of Arlington Baptist church, is considering, and we fear with a strong inclination to return a favorable answer, a call that has come to him to accept the pastorate of the Fifth Avenue Baptist church at Troy, N. Y., at a salary of \$3,800. This is the principal Baptist church in that busy city and one of the largest ones of the state. While congratulating Mr. Watson upon what a call of this kind indicates, we must say that Arlington will suffer a serious loss in the event of his deciding to go away, because every enterprise for the public good has received Mr. Watson's cordial and sympathetic support.

—A reception and recital given by Mrs. E. Nelson Blake, in honor of her guest, Miss Harriet Snider, of Chicago, was one of the most delightful social occasions which have ever been tendered by this hospitable hostess to her large circle of friends, and in several respects proved the most distinguished evening "at home" which has ever taken place at the "Maples," being the society event of the week. It occurred on Tuesday evening, the reception occupying the hour from eight to nine o'clock, followed by the recital. Mrs. Blake received in the library, and in the absence of Mr. Blake was supported by Madam McKay, who lent her dignity to the occasion. The hostess was assisted in receiving by Miss Snider, Miss Grace Parker and Mr. Edgar D. Parker. Mrs. Blake wore a handsome golden brown bengaline silk toilette, Madam McKay was in brocade satin, Miss Snider in an empire gown of blue brocade with garnet velvet and Miss Parker in amber brocade silk, all these toilettes being elegant and set off by handsome diamonds worn by the matrons. The guests were selected on this occasion among the musical friends of Mrs. Blake and the company present made a critical but highly appreciative audience. It was an exceptionally dressy affair, and the ladies present honored the evening by appearing in beautiful evening toilettes. At nine o'clock the doors of the long drawing room on the west side of the house was thrown open and the guests were comfortably seated in the space skillfully arranged for the comfort of the audience and artists. This room and also the reception rooms were tastefully trimmed with festoons of smilax, and on a pedestal near the piano was a handsome floral piece, while in the reception room a large vase on a pedestal in the centre of the room held a mass of red and white pinks. The dining room was used as a retiring room, and here was served by the waiters a delicious beverage during the reception. At the close of the program, which was daintily made and arranged by the hostess, the butler passed a delicious refreshment among the company as they remained seated. The recital introduced Miss Snider as a pianist, and all were charmed and many surprised by the ability and fine artistic skill which she displayed in the execution of compositions by such composers as Chopin, Mozart, Beethoven and others. She performed her difficult and arduous tasks in such a manner as to win the admiration and commendation of her critical hearers. Miss Parker, soprano, and Mr. Parker, tenor, assisted in the program with duet and solo numbers, and their warm reception and the kindly and appreciative comments by an audience so discriminating and musical in its character must have been very flattering and exceptionally pleasant to them, especially as coming in the main from residents and acquaintances of their own town. It was not far from midnight when this charming social event was concluded and Mrs. Blake had graciously bid good night to each guest.

—Elsewhere we speak at some length of the death of Richard L. Hodgdon, M.D. The funeral services were held at his late home on Pleasant street, yesterday afternoon, at two o'clock, and the large house was crowded with those who would thus testify to their regard for one who for so many years had been associated with scores of them and won their highest respect. The service was conducted by Rev. Frederic Gill, pastor of the First Parish church, of which the deceased was a prominent and influential member, in a simple yet impressive manner, interspersed with appropriate music. The remains were laid in a rich cloth-covered casket, and surrounding it were many floral tokens, ivy wreaths and beautiful calls (lilies and white roses being conspicuous. The interment was

in the Wellington lot in the old cemetery, which is located next to Pleasant street and next adjoining the Swan estate.

—The February sociable is always the most popular and largely attended of any during the season, at the Pleasant St., Congregational church, and the one of Wednesday evening last was no exception to the rule, for the company seated in the main vestry of the church at the supper tables taxed the ingenuity of the committee to provide places so that all might be served at the same time. However, an abundance of good things were provided for the supper and in sufficient quantity to appease the appetites of all. After supper, as is customary, an entertainment was enjoyed, under the direction of Mr. A. W. Trow. Miss Georgie Turnbull sang solos very sweetly and Mr. Clarence Wetherbee played a cornet solo accompanied by Miss McLeod on the piano. A solo was given by Miss Alice Wilson of Haverhill, and she and her sister Carrie sang a duet. A pleasant feature was a selection read by Rev. S. C. Bushnell and a difficult piano solo by Mr. C. C. Chase was warmly received.

—Christian Endeavor Day was observed with a union service in the audience room of the Baptist church, on last Sunday evening. Rev. Charles H. Watson, pastor of the church, presided over the service and conducted the devotional exercises consisting of appropriate scripture reading and prayer. Mr. W. E. Wood directed the anthems sung, in his capacity as an organist, the double mixed quartette rendering Gounod's "Send out thy light," and Barby's "Let thy light so shine." Rev. Mr. Watson pleasantly introduced the speakers of the evening, the first being Mr. F. W. Walsh, of Somerville, who is an active worker for the Endeavor organization. The subject of his address was "Swimming for Souls." Some pleasant and timely remarks followed this speaker, made by Rev. I. C. Tomlinson, of the Universalist church. In closing the service Rev. Mr. Watson made some brief remarks followed by the singing of "America" and the benediction. Stirring hymns were sung by the congregation interspersed between the addresses.

—Tuesday afternoon a bold attempt at robbery of the money drawer of the Lake street railroad station was frustrated by Mr. Patrick Breshnahan, the depot master, and through his perseverance the robber was captured. While

Continued on 8th page.

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Feb 17

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A MOUNTAIN MAID

By ALFRED R. CALHOUN.

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"Hello, sister!" I responded, and lifted my hat.

If Bragg had shown as much energy in the three days following Chickamauga as he did in that sanguinary conflict he could have marched into Chattanooga without serious resistance, but a delay of forty-eight hours gave Thomas an opportunity to fall back with his own veterans and to reorganize the corps of Crittenden and McCook. When Bragg did move he found the Union troops in the works before Chattanooga and guarding it from the west bank of the river, and with characteristic caution he opposed Longstreet's plan for an immediate assault, and at once laid siege to the place.

The story of that same siege of Chattanooga forms one of the most thrilling chapters of the war, and history affords no parallel to its dramatic termination. The Confederates not only held the three railroads that entered Chattanooga, but their cavalry, under Wheeler, poured over the Tennessee and planted themselves in force along the valleys and hills, over and through which ran the MacMinville wagon road, the only avenue by which the Union troops could hope to get supplies till they were re-enforced.

Never before or afterward did that magnificent Army of the Cumberland exhibit such devotion and endurance as during the siege of Chattanooga for the six weeks following the disaster at Chickamauga. Winter was coming on, but a majority of the men were without overcoats or blankets; many of them were barefooted, and they did not have, when cut off from the outside world, full rations for men and animals for ten days. But true to their splendid record, the brave fellows tightened their belts and stuck it out for weeks on a handful of parched corn a day.

In early October the enemy captured and held MacMinville for a short time, and destroyed a large train making for Chattanooga. Our cavalry, under McCook, Mitchell and Long, started to clean out Wheeler, and this was eventually done, but not without much hard riding and fierce fighting.

I was scouting in the defiles to the west of Sequatchie valley, in Bledsoe county, Tennessee, at this time, my orders being to watch and report the movements of the Confederates under Armstrong, who commanded a division in Wheeler's corps. In appearance and speech the people in this part of Tennessee are exactly like those in the Cumberland range to the north, though the Union feeling was not so strong, more than one-half the men in and about the Sequatchie valley having voluntarily entered the Confederate army.

We were resting and grazing our horses one morning along a little stream running down from the hills to the north, when, in order to get a better view of the surrounding country, I clambered up a mass of rocks that rose for several hundred feet above our temporary camp. I had been here but a few minutes when I heard a metallic click, as if made by a scabbard, and cocking my carbine I turned quickly in the direction of the sound, expecting to see an armed man, whether friend or foe. But to my relief I discovered that the sound was made by a tin pail in the hand of a girl who had come to a halt on an elevation about twenty feet behind me, and but little higher up. The pail was filled with beechnuts, which the girl was munching with astonishing coolness and a display of appetite with which I was in perfect sympathy.

She might have been seventeen years of age, but she had all the grace of movement and the delightful ease of manner that make children so attractive. Her thin dress hung half way between her bare brown feet and her knees. It was fastened at the waist with a cord that brought out the exquisite lines of bust and hips. The hands, like the feet, were shapely and brown, and the face, framed in a tangle of dark, sun-tanned hair, was a clear olive, tinted on the cheeks with a warmer shade. The parted lips revealed what is unusual with these mountain women; and that is as perfect a set of pearly teeth as I had ever seen.

With her head thrown slightly back, her left hand resting on her hip, and her right foot advanced with the hand that held the pail, and a chaplet of crimson leaves set tipsily on her head, that girl formed one of the prettiest pictures I had ever seen, and as I looked at her in undisguised admiration she reminded me of the bacchante of whom I had read in my mythological studies.

I must confess that I was more confused than if I had been confronted with a man in gray with a gun, but not so my lady with the sunac chaplet. Her big, brown eyes took me in from my rusty boots to my shockingly bad hat. Then she placed her left hand beside her mouth as if to direct the sound, and called out in a voice that could be heard distinctly down at the camp:

"Hello, mister!"

"Hello, sister!" I responded, and lifted my hat.

"Is you uns down thar Yanks?" she asked, with a wave of the brown arm from myself to the valley.

"Yes, sister," I replied; "we are all Yanks."

"Then you uns hed orter be 'shamed o' yuself!"

"I'm sorry to hear you say that."

"Yes, a heap sight sorry you uns 'peah to be," and the pretty upper lip was curved at the corner, giving another tantalizing glimpse of the pearly teeth. Then, with forcible directness and a heightened glow on the cheeks that told of indignation: "What fo' do you uns 'll come down heah to fight we uns all? We uns don't want to fight you uns if you uns let we uns alone."

I had become very familiar with this presentation of the southern case, but I never before heard it put with such compact and delightful quaintness, and I would have shouted with laughter but for fear of hurting my lady's feelings.

"Then you are a rebel?" I said.

"No! I ain't nawthin of the kind," she retorted, with spirit. "I'm fo' the south, I am; and do you uns know why?"

"No, but I should like to learn," I replied.

"I'm fo' the south, I am, kaze Mart Hall he's fo' the south."

"And who is Mart Hall, my lady?"

"Mart Hall's my sweetheart; and he's in a critter comp'ny 'long with Mistah Wheeler a fightin' you uns; and I'd 'vise you uns to keep out of his way, ef so be yeh ain't a fairly achin to git hurt," she said.

There was no good reason why on the instant I should conceive a violent dislike for Mart Hall any more than any other trooper along with "Mistah" Wheeler, yet I must confess I did.

"Sister, what is your name?" I asked.

"Saddie Ferguson," was the response.

"Where do you live?"

"Back thar whar the smoke's risin," and she turned with inimitable grace and pointed to a valley at her back.

I sprang up to her side and following the direction of her still extended hand I saw a clearing to the north and a log cabin at the edge near the foot of a high hill.

"Father live there?" I asked.

She compressed her lips, nodded the pretty head till the crimson chaplet threatened to tumble off, then bringing her lips so close to my ear that her hot breath on my cheek thrilled me, she whispered:

"Dad, he's fo' the Yanks and the Union. He's back kaze o' rhenmatiz, but Jake and Si, them uns is my brothers, is gone off with Mr. Spencer's fust Alabama critter comp'ny a fightin' fo' you uns."

"Ah, then yours is a divided house," I said, with a sigh of relief.

"You uns ken jest bet that we uns is d--d bad bruk up," she said, all unconscious of the unfeminine force of her language.

As it was growing dark, I bought the beechnuts for "a dollah in greenbacks or five in gray," and in order to get back the more valuable pail she accompanied me to the camp. I have heard of acts of discourtesy on the part of our men, principally from the other side, but I must confess that I never saw one. My men could not wholly conceal the admiration that showed itself in their bronzed faces when this mountain beauty appeared in their midst; but beyond gallantly raising their hats whenever they caught Saddie Ferguson's eye, they tried, like good boys, to seem indifferent to her presence.

After this transaction was completed the girl did not seem in a hurry to leave. She begged some tobacco for her father and mother, or rather she offered to buy it and got it for nothing. Then she came to me again, and I felt flattered by her disposition to talk. "How long's you uns a-gwine fo' to stay har? Whar's you uns gwine whin you uns light out? Wat's you uns heah fo'?" These and scores of questions of the same kind Miss Saddie rattled off with all the artlessness of a curious child. And when at length she left, it seemed as if darkness at once settled over the camp.

The beechnuts were not the least part of our supper that evening. About an hour after dark and when our horses had grazed bare the margin of the stream for three hundred yards below the camp, we saddled up and pushed into the hills for about a mile, so as to throw the enemy off the scent if their scouts had been watching us.

As this second place was as near to the Ferguson cabin as was the camp where Saddie visited us, I decided to take one of the men and pay the father a visit. If he were a Union man, I reasoned that he might be of service. As we neared the cabin the yellow curs, never absent from such places, announced our approach. Then the door was thrown open, and framed in it we could see the gaunt form of a man leaning with both hands on a long stick.

We were yet fifty yards away, when the man in the door called out:

"Hullo, thar! Who's that?"

"Friends!" I replied.

"Noth or south?"

"Neither!"

"H—I don't you uns lie!"

"I'm not lying! we're for the Union!"

"Oh, waal, that's 'bout the same's noth," said the old man in the door, with more confidence in his voice.

On entering the cabin I was disappointed at finding Saddie absent, though I am very sure she had nothing to do with my coming. The old man had been tall, rawboned and powerful in his time, and might have been still but for the rheumatism. His wife, a short, dark-eyed woman, was not inclined to be gracious, but sat in a corner by the fire smoking and not deigning to make a comment. The old man explained the reason for this sullessness after we were seated on the rude bench by saying:

"Nance" (he pointed his long stick at the woman) "and me don't gee 'bout the wah. I'm sot squah fo' the Union and her and Saddie's h—I bent fo' the south. We uns hez two sons off in Mistah Spencer's critter company fight'n fo' the govmment, but mos' of the young men here-aways is fo' the Federacy."

Pikeville, the county seat of Bledsoe county, appeared to be Sam Ferguson's Ultima Thule. He had never been in a larger town, though many years "befo' the wah" he and some of his neighbors

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"had sot thar minds to go way up to Chattanooga," but he "wuz bleeced to stay back kaze the others got skeert o' the trip."

I could see that the old man would have spoken with more freedom if it had not been for the presence of his wife, at whom he frequently looked in a half timid way. We staid in the hut about fifteen or twenty minutes, and when we rose to go he hobbled outside after us. After we had gone about ten yards he came to a halt, and glancing back over his shoulder, as if anxious not to have his wife overhear, he asked in a whisper: "Whar does you uns 'low to stay all night?"

"We are in the woods about a half mile from here," I replied.

"Got nuff men?"

"I think we have all we need."

"The reason why I'm axin," he said, "is to give you uns warnin." Then in a lower whisper and after another backward glance, "The mountains is chuck full of Wheeler's crowd!"

"Do you know, of your own knowledge, that there are any close by?" I asked.

"Yes, fo' shuah! W'y, not ten minutes befo' you uns come in, Mart Hall—he's a rebel ez is soft on Saddie—he showed up, and he said ez how they'd gobbled every d--d one of you uns or got yer scalps befo' mawin. So watch out."

And with this Sam Ferguson—he was a cousin, as we afterward learned, of the notorious guerrilla "Champ" Ferguson—waved his hand to us and hobbled back. I believed this information to be reliable, but I had also learned, from a long experience, the tendency of these mountaineers to exaggerate numbers.

I was not sent here to fight, unless it was unavoidable, but to watch and report, and as the position we now held had been decided on that afternoon, I determined to stay where we were till morning. At one o'clock I visited the six picket posts—I had only four men—and then came back, hoping to get a few hours' sleep. About half past four our little camp was aroused by yells and the discharge of carbines, and three of the pickets came running in. As the others did not report I sent out ten men to learn the cause. These men were fired on by a small force, as I could tell by the discharge, and they hurried back without firing a shot.

If the enemy had been present in any strength and intended a night surprise, they would have followed up the first attack; but as they did not do so, I inferred that the shooting was done by guerrillas, who, despite our precaution, had learned of our whereabouts. We untied the halters and stood to horse until daylight; then a search was made for the three missing men. We found them dead; two of them shot, and one with a heavy knife, manufactured from a file, still buried in his heart.



Lying across Hall's body was the dead girl.

We buried the men as best we could, and then rode down the hill to the stream, ate sparingly of the rations in our haversacks, watered the horses and were preparing to mount when Saddie Ferguson put in an appearance. She was "going-ovah Lost critik way to see a sick neighbor," she said. Something about the girl's manner excited my suspicion. She must have seen the graves up the hill, yet she made no comment; and when I asked her about Mart Hall she declared, without a tremor of the eyelid, that she "hadn't seed him sence foah cohn cuttin time." She slipped away as quietly as she had come, and I regretted afterward that I did not place her on one of the empty saddles and hold her till we fell back to the Sequatchie.

About noon two bright men who had been in the advance came in with a prisoner from Armstrong's division of Wheeler's corps. He reported his command moving west, about five miles to the south, and as soon as I was assured, from our own observations, of the accuracy of his statement, I sent a messenger to Colonel McCook. Early the next morning the messenger returned on foot—his horse had been killed by a guerrilla about a mile back—with an order to follow up the Confederates as far as Bridgeport and to report if they deviated from that point.

On our way back we met old Ferguson near the creek on which we were encamped when I first met Saddie. The

old man's brown, leathery face and the trembling of the long, lean fingers that clutched his staff showed that he was very much excited.

"Don't go down the creek to the Sequatchie," he said. "Mart Hall and a gang is a layin' fo' you uns."

"But how else am I to get to the Sequatchie?" I asked.

"You uns could git thar without critters by climbin ovah the mountains."

"But we would have to leave our horses!"

"Yas, I reckon so," and he stroked his grizzled beard in a nervous, perplexed way.

"How many men has this Mart Hall with him?"

"Waal, thar's a right smart bunch, I reckon."

"As many as I have?"

"Mebbe not," he said, after a glance over the men.

"Very well, I am going to ride down the creek to the Sequatchie, and if Mart Hall or any one else tries to stop me he

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must take the consequences." Then I was reminded to ask, "Is this Mart Hall an officer?"

"No, sah; leastwise not ez any one ever heard on, and ef so he was, I reckon he'd a told Saddie," said the old man.

"Where'd he get his men?"

"Mart sorter picked 'em up."

"Where?"

"Waal, all about in the hills."

"And they are not soldiers?"

"No, not edzactly."

"Then they are guerrillas?"

"Waal, strenger, I reckon you uns'd make no mistake if so be they was sot down 'bout that way," said the old man.

"Was Mart Hall at your place this morning?"

"Yas."

"And he talked with Saddie?"

"He did, fo' shuah."

"Very well; thanks for the information, and goodbye."

As we rode down the narrow valley I became more and more convinced that there was a direct connection between Saddie Ferguson's visit to our camp and the killing of the three pickets, and yet my conscience pricked me for thinking so harshly of that surprisingly pretty girl.

About two miles below the point where we met the old man the creek ran from bank to bank between high limestone walls. Realizing that it would be a very bad place to be stopped, I dismounted thirty men and sent one-half up the precipitous rocks on either side, so as to clear the way, if need be, for the others to pass through with the horses.

I had just given the command to advance in this order, when a half dozen jets of unmistakable powder smoke shot out from a conical hill to the left, and Corporal Wilson, of the First United States regulars, fell dead from his horse. It was now evident that Mart Hall and his friends did not avail themselves of the canyon in order to attack.

Quicker than I can pen the briefest sentence that describes the adventure, number fours were holding the horses, and the others were speeding like deer-hounds for the hill. It was by no means our first experience of this kind, and the fierce faces of the men in blue told that they were in no mood to be tender with the guerrillas. The rule had been to shoot them down if they did not surrender and to hang them up if they did.

As we advanced, the men on the hill kept up an irregular fire from behind a natural barricade of rocks near the crest, but there was only a handful of them, and our sudden and no doubt unexpected attack demoralized them so that not one of our men was hit till we had surrounded the cone and were under the shelter of the acclivity. I went to the rear of the hill, where I saw signs that told me that was the way in which our assailants had ascended. Our men knew what to do without further orders, and as they crept up they fired at everything they saw moving in front. When we had come within about fifty yards of the top I took refuge behind a rock and called out:

"Hello there, Mart Hall!"

"Hello yerself!" came back the reply.

"There is no use in firing any more. I want you to surrender!"

"I'll see you uns d--d fust, and then I won't!" was the response.

"Yes, we uns 'll see you uns d--d fust!" rang out like an echo the unmistakable voice of Saddie Ferguson.

Like my men, I had been fever hot with indignation, but as soon as I realized that the girl was here I felt a cold chill for the moment; then I called out: "Have you a woman with you up there?"

"Yes," replied the man, "we uns hez got a lady up har, and she's my gal."

"If you are brave men you will send her down. We will do her no harm. Come, we have no time for fooling."

We could hear voices in discussion among the rocks. It was evident that Saddie's companions were anxious for her to leave, and equally evident that she was determined to stay. At length she decided the question by shouting out, in tones of resolute defiance: "Mart Hall's my sweetheart, d--n you uns, and I'm a-gwine to stick by him till the ind. So my 'vice to you uns is to clear right out, and we uns 'll agree not to shoot any moah. That's honest injun."

Despite this assurance, there was nothing left us but to push on, and that quickly, for we had no time to spare. My men were at once drawn to the rise of the crest to avoid firing on each other, and I could hear them saying, as they braced for the expected dash, "We must save the girl, boys, if we can."

I shouted again to send the woman out, so as to throw the fellows up the hill off their guard, then signaled the advance with my saber, while Saddie was shouting her defiance, and in an instant the men in blue were leaping over the intervening space like tigers.

A ten seconds' fusillade; curses, yells, a woman's shriek, and then the cheer of the victors, whose last volley from the repeating carbines had been delivered within ten feet.

There was no need of the rope that day. Except the tall, lithe young man I took to be Mart Hall, all the men were dressed in butternut and armed with hunting rifles. Lying across Hall's body was the girl dead. She still clutched a pistol in her little brown hand, and the red splotch on her forehead, with its purple, powder-stained margin, told that her own hand had made the wound that took her from life with her desperate lover.

THE END.

Mahogany Sawing.

Mahogany of the first grain and marking is sawed up into veneer of half a dozen sawmills in this town. Mahogany sawing is a very pretty business, and a mahogany sawyer is a well paid man of great skill and long experience. He must know whether a log is suitable for veneer or slabs; must be able to guess whether its heart runs straight or "dips;" must see far enough into a log to decide whether it shall be cut transversely before being sawed lengthwise and whether it shall be quartered as oak is quartered or sawed straight through with the grain from end to end.—New York Sun.

A Strange Accident.

"The strangest accident that ever fell within my observation," said Harold Chapman to a friend in the Lindell, "occurred at my home in Medicine Lodge, Kan. One day in May, 1889, I was driven into the house by a thunder shower. The rain moderated in a few minutes, however, and I took a chair and sat out on the porch. My youngest boy was playing with a tin cup, catching water from the rain pipe and pouring it along a rut in the floor. The water ran along this rut out onto the cistern platform. While he was stooping to fill the cup from the rain pipe a flash of lightning came, seemingly attracted by the iron cistern pump. The current leaped from the pump to the current of water that ran along the porch and flashed along its course to the end.

"As providence, accident, ill luck or something else would have it our Thomas cat had come out from the kitchen and was standing close to the wet gutter made by pouring of the water. The cat received the full benefit of the flash, and lay scorched and dead in an instant. Now I saw that flash distinctly, and saw it travel from the iron pump along that gutter to the cat. If my boy had been there the result would have been the same. If he had not, why I suppose it would have been attracted toward one of us and serious results might have followed. I slightly imagine that I owe my life to that cat's ill fate. I am much obliged to the cat."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Endowment of Daughters.

The propriety of endowing daughters appears to be now seriously discussed in different parts of the country. This arises partly out of a growing sense of justice, which, the philosophers say, is the last sentiment to be developed in the case of women, and partly out of the commercial exigencies which in the last twenty years have left stranded so many women with no means of livelihood. The endowment of daughters would accomplish several ends. It would enable them to marry the men of their choice, it would support them if they do not marry, and in case of commercial disaster would furnish at least temporary provision for the family. The matter has progressed until the methods of endowments in different countries are under advisement.

According to Sir Henry Maine it was the passing of the Roman dowry into France after the conquest of Gaul that has made of France the richest and most prosperous of nations. It is unlikely, however, desirable as it might be, that the frugality and self denial the humblest Frenchman practices to lay aside his daughter's dowry will appeal to a nation accustomed to easy living and as impatient for swift results as this.—New York Evening Sun.

A Japanese Editor.

Editors may find some consolation in the fact that they have inspired feelings of envy in the breasts of a young Japanese boy. A recent issue of an East Indian paper contained the following note: "A schoolboy in Loerabaya was asked to describe an editor of a paper. He did so in this way: 'An editor is the luckiest man in the world. He can go to a circus every afternoon and every evening without paying a cent. He can go also to the court houses, the places of execution and the races.'

"He has free tickets to all theaters, receives presents at his office, and gets his ears boxed too. He goes also to Prigen, Malang or Lawang (places of amusement). He does not do this often, however. In one paper he can deny everything that was said in the previous one, and he does so, as a rule. When other people are already in bed, the editor is still up. He stays up late to see what happens. When I grow big I shall become an editor. Then I can stay up too."

A Sermon Exchange.

The latest enterprise which we hear announced in the young and enterprising west is the "Sermon exchange," of Chicago. According to popular belief the practice of clergymen has been to write sermons until they had filled a barrel. Then the barrel would be turned upside down and the sermons all preached over again. Where a minister remained in a church a great many years the congregation would after awhile begin to know when the barrel was turned.

Some sermons were looked forward to with much interest and others with more or less dismay. The Sermon exchange is to do away with all of this. It is no longer necessary to preach a sermon over a second time. The preacher can take an old sermon and tie twenty-five cents to it.

TO A STOLEN PORTRAIT.

As you gaze from my library table,
"Mid man, not letters and books,
"Tis easy to see you're untrue
To regulate all of your looks.

For could you suspect my transgression—
That I stole you and had you up here—
I'm morally sure the expression
You'd wear would be shocked and severe.

Yet why should you feel it a duty
To frown where your presence enthralled;
Where the radiant charm of your beauty
Sheds grace round my bachelor walls:

Where my pen droops o'er Penvoys and
poems,
And my eyes stray from Gibbon and Grote
To study your eyes, and dream poems
Unwrit, save in cloud lands remote?

As well might some goddess ungracious
Begrudge to a votary's shrine
Her image, as thou deem audacious
The homage I offer to thine.

But should Madame Grundy's dictation
Outweigh a bohemian's plea,
And sentence of prompt confiscation
Be ruthlessly passed upon me.

Pray what if, on closer inspection,
This picture with which I must part
Should prove to be but the reflection
Of one that is graven on my heart?

LITTLE COLONEL.

I had watched him every day for weeks. He always stood in the shadow of the American express office on Market space, and his poor little hunchback was so pitiful. He was the tiniest mite imaginable, and his pallid little face was rendered doubly delicate in appearance by the little blue shirt he always wore. He had light brown hair that stuck out around the small felt cap perched back over the crown of his head like the soft-er wisps of hay that edge a stack in summer. His eyes were like the blue of the Italian sea, but the expression of his mouth was old, very old, and the business twang in his shrill voice very distinct as he yelled his wares to the passersby: "Collar buttons—two for a cent. Note paper—needles—twenty-five cents a pack."

Some few used to buy from him; others more often would give him a nickel or a dime and let him keep his goods. To each and every purchaser he doffed his hat, but he forgot their faces as soon as they amalgamated with the crowd. One could see it was an irksome task—mechanical, unloved. He was studying on something all the time. All the weeks I passed by he did not learn to know me until one day I paused and asked: "Now, look here, colonel, I want you to recognize me when I go by next time. I've traded with you for weeks, and you never know me. I'm getting pretty mad about it, I can tell you, my friend."

The little chap looked up into my face with an incredulous stare. There were lots of unspoken comments in the small young heart beneath that jacket of navy blue, but all he said was, as he lifted his cap: "I'll know you next time. Warm, isn't it?"

"Right you are, colonel," I said. "How is business?"
"Pretty fair. Dull times now, though."
"Ought not to be for you," I said.
"All the ladies are doing their spring shopping and having their sewing done. They can't sew without needles. You have needles, see?"

He threw me a shrewd glance from those wonderful blue eyes of his.

"I see," he said.

After this I never passed without receiving a salute from the little colonel, and sometimes when out with a friend I was enabled to introduce a new customer to him. These favors he always appreciated, and I came to be looked upon as the advertising member of the firm. Between us we built up a big business, and we both felt encouraged.

But one day as I sauntered down there, thinking of a certain little piece of good news I had for my partner, I was somewhat startled by missing the colonel from the old stand.

"Funny," I thought, "very funny, he did not speak of his intended vacation. I am surprised, for the colonel is generally so businesslike." I went on disappointed, of course. Days passed, and still I missed him. I could not find any trace of him, and, strange to say, during all our intimacy I had neglected to inquire his exact address.

All day long, and as much of the night as I was awake, I was confronted by a vivid memory of his little, pallid face. The suspense seemed unbearable.

But just at that point where it seemed that I could not wait a moment longer I was relieved by a message from him. It reached me in this way: I was passing down the familiar Market space by the old stand, thinking fondly and sadly of the little colonel, when I noticed a big eyed colored boy with a double row of white teeth looking eagerly up and down the street. For some unaccountable reason I felt that he knew something of my partner. I stepped up to him and said:

"Good morning. Are you looking for some one?"

"Yessum, lady," he said. "Tze been lookin for a white lady as used to know the little chap as allers stands here sellin collar buttons. 'Deed I'm afraid, though, I can't find her. I've done spoke to three already, and golly!" (here he grinned so both rows of teeth showed) "they was mad. 'Deed they was."

"How were you to know the lady?" I asked.

"Little Jim said," replied the boy, "I'd know her by her smile. So help me Gawd, every one as hes gone by a-grinnin I've axed, 'Is you, the little colonel's partner?' an it strikes 'em silly an they gits mad. 'Deed they does!"

I was smiling broadly at his picturesque and animated relation of the past few hours' adventures; he ceased looking up and down the street and caught me in the middle of a full blown smile.

Up went the black paw, off went the cap, tattered and torn, and my inquisitor exclaimed, "Say, lady, yo' bean't her; be yo'?"

"You've found your man," I said; "I am the colonel's partner. Now tell me what message he sends by you."

"The colonel am very sick. He done told me to fetch yo' ef yo' would come,

an ef yo' had no time to tell yo' neber min, but dat he'd tote himself down ter business at de first particular opportunity when he can get outen his bed."

"Can you take me to him?"

The boy was wonderfully solemn by this time and hustled off to lead the way in double quick time.

"Ef yo' is tired," he said thoughtfully, "yo' might tek a car. The line runs 't' near his house. I'll run behind. Yo' kin get off at—street."

"You come, too," I said; "get on the platform. I'll pay your fare."

I was lost in dreams about my sick little friend when I was aroused by the car coming to a sudden standstill, and my guide came and touched my arm gently. Following him off the rear platform we turned into a little damp alleyway and stopped in front of a tumble down frame cottage.

"Poor little colonel," I thought, "we will have to get him out of this place as soon as he can be moved."

On either side of the alleyway stood a mass of little woolly headed urchins, male and female. I stepped over the threshold in the open doorway, for it was Mr. y, and the day, outside of the alley, at least, was warm. My guide followed in my wake. A pale faced woman met me and clasped both my extended hands in hers. There was sorrow, far deeper than tears would tell of, in that quiet, drawn face. There was a bed in the farther corner, and one little folded and parchmentlike hand rested on the darning coverlet.

I stepped to the side of the bed. The little light brown head was thrown back on the pillows, the blue eyes were more magical than ever in their hue. The mouth, with its shrewd, old lines was open, and the breath came unsteadily through the even rows of small white teeth.

My throat filled up and I could not speak. My poor little partner; my brave little colonel! His mother began fanning him gently and evenly again from the other side of the bed. His eyes brightened when he saw me and his hand was lifted to greet me.

"Had to give up business for a spell," said the colonel falteringly.

"Oh, darling," I cried, forgetting my part in this strange scene, "I cannot bear to see you look so ill. What can I get you?"

A radiant smile lighted his face and he pointed upward. "I'm afraid I can't do business in the old stand," he said faintly, "but I've got a place up there, and I hope I can keep my bunch on my back, 'cause if I don't when you come along you won't know the little colonel!"

He ceased speaking to rest. I passed him some wine and water mixed that stood at hand. His eyes fell on his little colored friend standing back by the door twisting his hat in both hands nervously and shifting noiselessly from one foot to the other.

"You found her by her smile, didn't you?" said the little colonel. "I told you you could tell it. My partner has the sweetest smile in the world."

The temporary stimulus afforded by the wine and water began to wear away ever so quickly.

The shouting of the children came in at the door and window, and a smile passed over the face of the little colonel.

"They are mostly black, but they were always good to me," he whispered.

Then suddenly he rose up on one thin little elbow and cried excitedly, "Collar buttons, two for a cent; needles and paper, twenty-five cents a pack," waving an imaginary bundle in his hand. A change, sudden and awful, passed over his face, his hand tightened its grasp over my own, he sank slowly back on his pillow; there was a gentle fluttering of the eyelids, some long drawn struggling breaths, and the little colonel had moved to his new stand.—Helen Corinne Bergen.

Wonderful Little Padlock and Chain. In a curious old book entitled "The Wonders and Curiosities of London," there are the following particulars concerning a minute padlock: In the twentieth year of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Mark Scarliot, a blacksmith, made a lock consisting of eleven pieces of steel, iron and brass, all of which, together with the key, weighed but a small fraction over one grain. He also made a chain of gold, consisting of forty-three links, which, after fastening it to the lock and key above mentioned, he put around the neck of a common flea, the whole being so minute that the little insect could draw them over a silver plate with perfect ease. All of these together, lock, key, chain and flea, weighed a slight fraction less than 24 grains.

Turkey Buzzards in the South.

The turkey buzzards that are to be seen in New Jersey and that appear to be working their way northward in considerable numbers have changed, or rather extended, their habitat within recent years. Before the war there were no buzzards in this latitude. They are unclean creatures, and if angry or alarmed will vomit at the object that has enraged or startled them. In southern cities they are protected by law, for they act as scavengers, and flocks of them may always be seen about the markets watching for offal. They become as tame as poultry, allowing men to approach within a few feet of them. Their voices are harsh and croaking, and they have a lopsided run as if they were lame in one leg.—New York Sun.

Removing Tumors Early.

If it were generally known among intelligent people that great numbers of innocent tumors sooner or later become malignant, and that malignant tumors often simulate benign tumors and remain quiescent for a great while, the sufferers would unhesitatingly consent to the removal of these morbid growths in their inception, long before the possible advent of serious mischiefs, or when the cure might be effected by minor operations which would leave the smallest scars, especially in such parts as the face, neck, arms or hands.—J. W. S. Gouley, M. D., in Popular Science Monthly.

Indiscriminate Giving.

It is all very well to preach against indiscriminate charity, and to those who are inclined to benevolence the lesson is most valuable. There is too much careless giving, for charity no doubt often breeds mendicancy, and if there is to be giving it ought to be thoughtful, to the end that it may do good and not evil. Besides the charitably disposed, however, are those who are careless of the misfortunes of their neighbors and those whose selfishness is rarely tempted to make a sacrifice for the happiness of their kind.

When such as these do a charity they are the important beneficiaries, and it is to them that the divine precept concerning the blessing of giving applies. It matters little whether these give with discrimination or indiscriminate; then gifts are so few that they cannot work much harm. If the encouragement of begging depended on the occasionally and spasmodically generous, the trade would assuredly die out. It is well not to preach the cold truth to them, for they need little enough excuse for buttoning up their pockets. Let them open their hearts when they will, thoughtlessly or not, as it may chance. What good is done by them will be chiefly to themselves, and they will always, for a time at least, be the better for their improved opportunities.—Harper's Weekly.

Women and Dogs, Etc.

In the late Montagu Williams' book, "Around London," there is a striking testimony to the truth of an old saying concerning women. "If any one," said Mr. Williams, "has doubts as to the brutalities practiced on women by men, let him visit the London hospital on a Saturday night. Very terrible sights will meet his eye. Sometimes as many as twelve or fourteen women may be seen seated in the receiving room waiting for their bruised and bleeding faces and bodies to be attended to. In nine cases out of ten the injuries have been inflicted by brutal husbands. The nurses tell me, however, that any remarks they may make reflecting on the aggressors are received with great indignation by the wretched sufferers. They positively will not hear a single word against the cowardly ruffians."

"Sometimes," said a nurse to me, when I have told a woman that her husband is a brute, she has drawn herself up and replied: 'You mind your own business, miss. We find the rates and taxes, and the likes of you are paid out of 'em to wait on us.'"

Lecturing to Royal Children.

Of the first lesson given to the royal children Mr. Hart says that when the professor (Sir Richard Owen) first arrived at Windsor castle he inquired where he should hang up his diagrams, as these lectures were to be given in the white drawing room, the walls of which were covered with white satin. The answer was that he was to do exactly as he pleased. The gentleman in waiting was therefore of opinion that he should pin the drawings upon the white satin hangings, but this the professor declined to do, and thereupon requested to be led to the laundry of the castle, to the blank amazement of the official. When he arrived there he picked out the largest clotheshorse he could find, and, having procured some green baize, rigged up an impromptu stand, which showed off his diagrams to the best advantage.—London Globe.

People Who Use the Telephone.

"Philadelphia," said Dr. Plush, of the Bell company, "runs higher than any other city in the number of its telephone calls. The service is increasing with each year, and with each year is arriving nearer and nearer perfection. Up to the present year we were frequently put to considerable trouble and expense in repairing our lines after stormy weather. Now, however, it is different. We began to put our lines under ground in October, 1891, and have almost completed the work. Storms and high winds can do us but little harm now. No, we keep no record of the number and variety of swear words uttered by impatient subscribers, but I can safely say that they are fewer now than in former years."—Philadelphia Record.

A Gallant of the Old School.

On a third avenue train the other evening an old man sat literally packed among women. As the train approached the Twenty-third street station he began to button up his coat preparatory to leaving the car. He looked about grimly among the clustered women till he caught sight of an elderly man standing with him. Reaching out at arm's length with his cane among the fur-below and feathers, he managed to touch his fellow man on the elbow. The other understood at once, and wedged his way back to the waiting seat. When he was safely there the old man got up, and, glaring defiantly at the baffled fair ones, picked his way rheumatically out of the train.—New York Times.

An Enterprising Burglar.

America is said to be the home of enterprise, but an English burglar has gone a little ahead of anything that ever originated in the Yankee mind. He conceived the idea of increasing his receipts by furnishing to a newspaper "beats" on his exploits. After each burglary he sent a full account to the paper and collected pay for the articles in the usual way. The fact that he was finally detected and is now in jail does not detract from his distinction as a man of resources.—Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

Snobbish Rebuked.

Snobkins (who thinks he recognizes some one he knows)—Oh—er! Haven't I seen you somewhere before?
Nobkins (who declines to be patronized)—As I have been in existence for the last half century I should say it is highly probable that you have.
Snobkins does not pursue his inquiries any further.—Exchange.

The annual exportation of india rubber from Para is said to be upward of 20,000,000 pounds, worth from \$5,000,000 to \$6,000,000.

THE HADJI'S REST.

The hadji said, "If o'er my tomb
Should grasses wave and roses bloom,
And if with tears the spot should be
Sometimes bedewed for love of me,
My rest would be a blissful rest,
And I would count the hadji's blest."
No roses bedew the hadji's grave—
No grasses beside a foreign wave.
And never woman's eye grows dim
In that strange land in thought of him:
And yet no doubt the hadji's rest
Is quite as sweet as if his breast
Were by a million roses pressed
And woman made his grave her quest.

—H. L. Spencer.

"UNC' P'TROOSHO."

"What' fo' dey calls me Petah P'troosho? Ain' yo' nebah year dat?"

"Marse Gawge gub me dat name, down in Faginny, endu'm wah time. Marse Gawge gre't man ter gib we all noo names. I had mo'n 'loben, I guess, on'y P'troosho de on'y one 'sides Petah dat stick ter me. 'Wen Miss Alice gub me suit er Marse Gawge's clo'es, wid red necktie an plug hat, Marse Gawge he laff an say he gotter call me Boobrumm, and so he do fo' long time eb'ry day I dress up. Den, one time wen I gwine to mill, de ol' hosses dey git scart an run plumb ter mill an back ergin; an after dat, eb'ry time Marse Gawge see me wid de bay team, he hollah, 'Hullo, Gipping!'

"Nodah time, 'wen I bin fussin aroun in de g'rrit, I foun er ol' muff, wha' ol' miss done frow erway, an ax Miss Alice kin I hab 'm, case it jes' de ting wen I hatter go set b' Pomp, de dribah, on col days wen Marse Gawge an Miss Alice go dribin. Miss Alice she say I kin, so nex' col day, wen dey hatter go ter Marse Willie's, I war de muff. 'N Marse Gawge, he seen 'm, an say: 'Hullo, Rushinbow! 'Wen you come fm France?"

"But w'y he call me 'P'troosho? I dunno, 'zackly, but Marse Gawge do. He kin ter me one day, an say, 'Petah, whuffer yo' don't git merried ergin? Marse Gawge allus sayin tings right plumb out ter we all, jes' lak dat."

"An I say: 'Marse Gawge, I ain' speakin no names, but does yo' 'membah er suttin pusson dat am now gone erway fm disher wale of teahs, an whatter mis'able tempah dat pusson had? An do yo' 'membah dat wen dat suttin pusson was libin, folkses dat libed wid her gotter stan roo? No sah, I doesn't caffer any mo', tank yo', Marse Gawge. 'Sides, I ze ergettin too ol' fo' sich nonsensical tings."

"Marse Gawge he laff. 'W'y Petah,' he say, 'yo' is on'y 'bout fifty. Yo' young man yit. Now, me 'n Miss Alice bin trinkin dat 'twould be nice ting ef Cl'rindy 'n you'all 'd git married. 'Twould sorter mek it mo' c'nveinient, an all dat."

"I dunno whatter say ter dat. Dat Cl'rindy was lady lookin an right smaht, but she got jes' sich a tempah as I done had 'spertinude wid. So I look 't Marse Gawge an say: 'Mh! Golly, chile, dat niggah wuss'n de odah one I done menshun. How yo' sponse I kin stan dat?"

"Marse Gawge he stop 'n tink fer w'ile. Den he say: 'Petah, I ze 'feared yo' done let yerself be hainpeck'. Lemme tell yo', Petah, dat de on'y way ter be boss am ter 'sert yo'self an don't let no woman mek yer stan roo lak Aunt Debby done. Dey was er man onct whar name was P'troosho, an he right smaht man. Well, dey merry him ter gal wha' got mo' tempah 'n er settin hen. My, she war turble! So P'troosho, wen he git all hitch, 'gin ter train dat 'oman."

"Ef she git mad he git mad, too, 'r 'tend dat he is, an he jes' raise de ol' Nick wuss'n he. Ef she say it 'col day, he say she lie, dat de day am mis'ably wahm. Of he don't lak he dinner he tek 'n frow it on de fion an brek de dishes. He hollah at dat 'oman an boss 'er roo an bullyrag twell dat 'oman don't know 'er name. By 'm' by she git so dat wen P'troosho tell 'er in broad daylight dat de sun am de moon she b'liebe 'm, an willin ter swa' ter it. Ef he call 'Kate! she mos' brek 'er naik comin ter see whuffer he call."

"Now, Petah, dat's de way ter do ef er fool 'oman ac' lak dat. In dat way yo' kin brek 'em ob deir tricks in 'bout two days."

"I 'tought erwhile an mek up my min dat war gre't scheme, so I say ter Marse Gawge, 'Marse Gawge, ef yo' 'n Miss Alice sesso, I do dat an see how yo' plan wuk."

"So wen Chris'mus kin, me 'n Cl'rindy stan up in de pollah ob de big house, an de wite pashon merry us, same lak he done Marse Willie an Miss Blanche, an after dat we all hab big time in de hall twell mos' mawnin'."

"I had er house back b' de cookhouse, whar me 'n Debby done lib fer mo'n twenty year, an me 'n Cl'rindy we moped in dar. Marse Gawge done gub us new cheers an table an stobe, an Miss Alice she let us hab new cyparet, wha' she don't want in up stahs hall no mo'; so we all was fixed up jes' smaht."

"Cl'rindy war jes' sweet's p'simmons fo' mo'n er week. Den one day she git outer de baid wrong way, an wen I look 't her I know dat 'omen is mad. I din' lak dat, ca'se I hab my min all mek up dat wen she 'gind at mad b'wiss she gotter hab less'n, an I don't lak ter gub it ter her. But I don't say nuffin, on'y mek up my min ter let 'er go twell she git sassy, den shek 'er off'n dat high hoss."

"Wen we waitin on table at dinmah, Marse Gawge he kin see dat Cl'rindy am hot, an he wink at me, lak dis. After dinner, wen he cotch me erlone, he say, 'Well, P'troosho, is yo' git de shoe tamed? Den he laff."

"I say, 'What shoe does yo' mean, sah? I don't know nuffin 'bout no shoe."

"Den Marse Gawge laff some mo', an say, 'I din' say no shoe, Petah. I mean, is yo' had ter 'gin Cl'rindy's less'n's yit? I kin see she mad wid mek'ing."

"I tell 'm I ain't stahbin yit, but it look lak I hab ter right quick."

"Petah, Marse Gawge say reel solum, 'don't was no time in disher 'fah. De moment de trouble stahs in yo' stah in too.' An I say I will. But dey ain't no row dat day."

"Nex' day war Sund'y, an I din' hatter git up eahly, so I lay en de baid twell mos' haf pas' 8. Den I git up an gin ter out. Cl'rindy was settin lookin outer

de doah, lookin mad. Pret' soon I say, 'Cl'rindy, whar mah bes' Sunday shuht wid ruffles on? Cl'rindy ans' back, reel shoht, she ain' see no sich shuht."

"Yo' ain't? I say. 'Oman, din' I say ter yo' dat I wan' dat shuht ter war on Sund'y, an din' yo' say yo' ten ter it? Tell me dat, will yo'?"

"But she ain't say nuffin 'tall. She jes' set an star' outen de doah, jes' lak I ain' dar."

"Den I say, 'Look yere, yo' yaller numskull, ef yo' don't tuhn roon yere an ans' me quick, I tek'n shek yo' tyvell dem ol' teef rattle outen yo' haid!'

"Den she jump up quick, an kin am me. 'Wha' dat yo' say, yo brack niggah? Wha' dat? Talk ter me 'bout shekkin folk, will yo'?"

"Mistah, is you ebah see er reel mad 'oman? I 'gin ter git scart, dat Cl'rindy look so mad, an wen she git so close ter me I put out mah han ter push 'er way fm me."

"Dat 'oman reach out and grab me wid bofe han's by de naik, an ef she din' shek me twell mos' all my teef shrap out. I hope ter die. Den she hit me slambang wid 'her fis' er couple times, an biff me all ober de house, an lam me jes' turble. Ki! but dat 'oman war pow'ful strong!"

"Wen she git froo she say, 'Look yere, ol' man, I hatter stan 'buse fm Tawm, but I ain' gotter stan none fm you. Don't yo' dis'membah dat, niggah. An she look lak 'er mad all ober wid, but I ain' wai' ter find out. I jes' git outen de house an inter de yahd."

"Marse Gawge kin round inter de back yahd jes' den. 'Hullo, P'troosho,' he say, 'is yo' bin tamin dat shoe! Yo' look lak yo' bin fightin win'mills.'"

"Marse Gawge, I say, 'I ain' bin fightin wid no win'mills, an I ain' bin don nuffin wid no shoes. I jes' hatter gib dat yaller niggah wench er less'n, an she ain't tek ter it, nohow. Dat P'troosho way mount wuk wid wite folks, but wen er fool niggah ter 'm on 'nodah fool niggah de debbil am ter pay. 'Marse Gawge mos' die fm laffin. Den he say, 'No, Petah, yo' don't look lak yo' made er gre't s'cess ob it.'"

"An after dat he allus call me 'Petah P'troosho.'—R. L. Ketcham in Romance.

A Valuable Autograph.

An autograph fiend from New York was recently visiting a friend in Detroit, and naturally he brought his album along, and he also talked much on autographs, their rarity, value, etc.

"Well," said the Detroit man one day, after a list of high priced autographs had been shown him, "your figures are not in it with one I saw here some years ago."

"Whose was it?" asked the friend with much interest.

"A gentleman's living here at the time, but now dead."

"What did it bring?"

"Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars."

"Aw, come off. I know autographs, and I know one never sold for such sum."

"Just the same I tell you this one did."

"Who paid for it?"

"One of the banks in the city. It was on a check, and the same autograph would have brought a million, net, if the gentleman had happened to want that much for it."

After that the fiend put his album in his trunk and left it there.—Detroit Free Press.

Two Remarkable Epitaphs.

The two most remarkable epitaphs in the United States are those of Daniel Barrow, formerly of Sacramento, and that of Hank Monk, Horace Greeley's stage driver. The former reads as follows: "Here is laid Daniel Barrow, who was born in Sorrow and Borrowed little from nature except his name, and his love to mankind, and his hatred for redskins. Who was nevertheless a gentleman and a dead shot, who through a long life never killed his man except in self defense or by accident, and who, when he at last went under beneath the bullets of his cowardly enemies in Jeff Morris' saloon, did so in the sure and certain hope of a glorious and everlasting morrow."

Hank Monk's epitaph reads thus: "Sacred to the memory of Hank Monk, the whitest, biggest hearted and best known stage driver of the west, who was kind to all and thought ill of none. He lived in a strange era and was a hero, and the wheels of his coach are now ringing on the golden streets."—St. Louis Republic.

Temperature for Growing Mushrooms.

The mushroom in American pastures seldom starts into growth before the end of August or September, when the temperature of the soil has reached about 60 degs.; hence this is taken as the temperature which the cultivator of the mushroom ought to endeavor to maintain in order to successfully grow this vegetable. A very experienced cultivator, however, states that he has found this temperature to be rather too high in growing the mushroom in houses prepared for the purpose. He finds that he has much better success with an even temperature of 55 than 60 degs.—Meehan's Monthly.

Curt Instructions.

The following is an admirable specimen of Lord Palmerston's curt way of transacting official business—they are instructions given to a foreign office clerk for answering a letter. "Tell him we'll see; to use blacker ink; to round his letters, and that there's no h in exorbitant."—London Tit-Bits.

The Value of Frankness.

Miss Plantagenet De Vere—That man's attentions to me are most offensive, and he has the reputation of being a fortune hunter. Do you suppose it is papa's wealth that allures him?

Her Close Friend (thoughtfully)—Why, what else can it be?—Exchange.

Cotton Mather's Works.

Dr. Cotton Mather, who died in Boston in 1728, was the author of 303 works, some of them being of huge dimensions. The most bulky of his works contained seven large folio volumes. He died at the age of sixty-five.—Harper's Young People.



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If you can't get it send to us. Ask first. Sample for 25 cts. Five \$1. Large 2-lb. can \$1.50. Six, cans \$5. Exp. paid. Sample "Best Poultry Food" from Farm Products Co. one year (price 35c.) and large can \$1.50. L. S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 Custom House St., Boston, Mass.

Investigation.

Omnipathy.

Four years' residence in Arlington and No Deaths in my practice, and yet I have cured quite a number of the so-called incurables under my charge, such as an old gent with softening of the brain; a case of Bright's disease of the kidneys, passing blood, another who was compelled to get out of bed six or eight times every night; another of cancer of the lips and throat from 40 years' use of tobacco after trying Allo and Homoeopathic M. D.'s, only to throw away his money. In Mr. Bradley's store he said, in the presence of Mr. Bradley, you are going to make me well and as an act of gratitude I am going to give you \$100. His tobacco habit is stopped. Another case of 24 years' cough and 24 years' trials of swallowing drugs.

During the above 4 years a young physician and a doctor's son have died in Arlington. I have many more startling cures to refer to in A. and yet some men and women are so wedded to the family M. D. that they will swallow his pills and powders only to die. I have seen four funerals in two days. During the above time I have taken thousands of cases of Consumption, Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, Diabetes, Dyspepsia, etc., under my charge all over the U. S., with only six deaths among them all. I have not believed my assertion, that indigestible drugs taken into the stomach, have killed millions of persons; and Dr. McCulloch (for 25 years connected with a medical college in Philadelphia) said: "Drugs have killed more persons than all wars combined," and yet my acquaintances will not believe him or the writer, but will be experimented upon and die only to benefit the undertaker.

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Special Notices, " 15 "
Religious and Obituary Notices, per line, 10 "
Ordinary Advertisements, per line, 8 "
Marriages and Deaths—free.

James G. Blaine's Death.

Last Friday forenoon the long expected ending came and the most popular American of his time lay dead in the "red house" from which not long ago went forth plans and documents which proved that James G. Blaine was not only the most splendidly equipped politician of his day and generation but to a larger degree the peer of any of his predecessors whom history to-day writes down as statesmen.

Measured by his associates and by men in similar positions elsewhere, Mr. Blaine was in his prime, with many of the best years of life yet before him; and originally he had splendid physical powers. But if his life had splendid triumphs it had the bitterest disappointments, and when to these disasters to public ambitions were added the loss one after another of the children who were his hope and pride at the time when another son was disgracing the name he bore, it is not strange that disease found in him a victim.

The funeral occurred on Monday, at Washington, and is thus described by our correspondent in that city:—

"The funeral of James G. Blaine, which took place to-day, will be remembered as long as any of those who witnessed the scenes attending it shall live. It was intended to be private; that is, so far as the general public is concerned, invitations having been extended only to the President, Cabinet, Senators and Representatives, high civil officials, officers of the army and navy, the diplomatic corps and a few of the closest personal friends of the Blaine family, and the seating capacity of the Church of the Covenant being less than 800 it was necessary for many of those invited to stand during the short services; but the people were there all the same—thousands of them; they could not get into the church, but they crowded the streets from the Blaine residence to the church, and followed the procession to Oak Hill cemetery, where the remains of the most popular American of his time were buried beside the grave of two of his children, Walker Blaine and Mrs. Coppinger. At first there was a disposition to grumble because the funeral was not held in the Capital where a much larger crowd could have been accommodated—no building in the world could have held all who wished to attend,—but when it was learned that the funeral was arranged according to the wishes of Mr. Blaine the murmuring ceased. The services were as simple as they could possibly be made, a prayer at the house and the reading of the Presbyterian burial service and a prayer at the church. The church was profusely decorated with growing palms and evergreens, and cut flowers from the government conservatories, but they were arranged with such perfect taste that there was withal no appearance of ostentation; on the contrary, it impressed the beholder as a picture of rustic simplicity, but it was the simplicity of educated artistic taste, and not of nature. I have seen funerals of many prominent people, but I never have seen so much feeling displayed among the masses as to-day on the streets of Washington."

Governor vs. Council.

His Excellency is apparently much in earnest in his demand for the abolition of the time-honored sharer of responsibility with the gubernatorial office, the "Executive Council," and with the shrewdness of the sharp politician he has shown himself to be Gov. Russell has lately presented his side of the argument in the form of an interview in some of the Boston papers.

This line of argument is not only clearly shown, but effectually met in a review of that "interview" by Lieut-Gov. Walcott, who says:—

"The Council is not a body dependent in any one sense upon the will of the Governor, and therefore exclusively subject to his pleasure in the appointment of its members. It is a body receiving its mandate directly from the people (to quote a phrase at present much used), clothed with important duties and responsibilities, and answerable to the people alone. That it is not proper for such a body, when occasion occurs, to appoint its own committee to aid it in the performance of its duty is clearly an untenable position. The action of the Council, which has been made the occasion for these repeated protests, was a simplification of its rules which added in no degree to the power which the Council already possessed, and it is a surprising contention of His Excellency that the assertion of the undoubted right of the Council to appoint its own committee, if it sees fit, is an attack upon the prerogatives of his office, making necessary a protest as often as it is exercised."

The Islands lying to the west of this continent,—the now "half-way-house" between two hemispheres—have been fruitful sources of diplomatic complications between the United States and European nations for the last fifty years and now, after a brief period of rest, are again presenting a confused state of affairs which seems likely to eventuate in closer relations with this republic than ever before. A revolution, peace-

fully accomplished, has changed the governing power in the Sandwich Islands, and the representatives of this new combination are now in Washington to present claims for recognition.

If Congressman O'Neill and the Boston Herald were half as active in trying to unearth frauds on the naturalization laws as they are in a vain search for pension frauds they would be kept busy all the time and perform a patriotic service. But that is another story.

The February Century has a fine portrait of Tennyson and much interesting matter pertaining to the recently deceased poet. "Franz Liszt" is the subject of a critical and appreciative article on this great pianist, the paper being finely illustrated. The Salvini autobiography is continued in attractive form, with some fine portraits. Probably the most notable article of the number is a semi-official paper by the Secretary of the Russian Legation in Washington, Mr. Pierre Botkine, entitled "A Voice for Russia," in which for the first time an authoritative statement is made of the attitude of Russia toward its political prisoners and its Jewish population. In the story department The Century is rich as usual, and the poetry and special article are up to the high standard of excellence maintained. The variety of the number may be inferred from the geographical bearings of the articles alone, which deal with topics relating to English, French, German, Italian, Russian, Turkish and Malay subjects, as well as American localities as diverse as Massachusetts, New York, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Chicago, Colorado and the Northern Pacific Ocean.

On Monday evening next, Feb. 6th, Neil Burgess, with the same excellent company with which he surrounded himself last season, returns to Boston with that record breaking play, the "County Fair," but this time he will be seen at the Tremont Theatre, which he selected to make a reproduction of his play owing to the possibilities given him for improvements in his race horse scene by the additional stage facilities of that theatre, and preparations are now actively going on at the Tremont, rebuilding the stage and putting in the necessary electrical appliances to permit of seven thoroughbreds instead of five as heretofore. The engagement is a limited one, being for four weeks only, and this will be Mr. Burgess's last appearance in Boston with the idyll of New England life.

However much one may have differed politically from Mr. Blaine, he cannot fail to be interested in the striking personality of the man, a personality which possesses a phenomenally intense and universal interest for the people at large, quite independent of any immediate connection with the questions of the day. The February Cosmopolitan presents a careful review of Mr. Blaine's characteristics as a man and statesman, prepared by Mr. T. C. Crawford, and illustrated by numerous sketches of his home, and famous cartoons appropos of striking phases of his political career. Curiously enough, this is found side by side with General Badeau's sketch of Lord Beaconsfield. Badeau, when Secretary of Legation, was acquainted with Disraeli, and the alternately bizarre and magnificent political figure cut by this extraordinary man is described in a most readable manner. The second article in the series of the "Great Railway Systems of the United States" also appears in this number, the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe, with its more than ten thousand miles of track, being treated. The story is told of its early beginnings, of the autocratic power wielded by its managers over more than one-quarter of our territory. Few people not living on the line of the road have any conception of its marvelous importance. A delightful Japanese story, "Toki Murata," and a jeu d'esprit entitled "June, 1893," from the pen of Julian Hawthorne, are unusually entertaining; the flying machine has never given opportunity for a wittier, and at the same time more valuable speculation than Mr. Hawthorne's. The making of beet-root sugar is one of the rapidly growing interests on the North American continent, but the first time in magazine literature it is here thoroughly explained in every process, helped out by photographs of the seed, the roots, the method of cultivation and the most improved machinery for conversion into sugar.

Prominent Arlington Physician Dead.

It is our painful duty this week to record the sudden death of Richard Lord Hodgdon, M. D., who for nearly forty years has been identified with all that concerned the best interests of the place he chose in early manhood as his future home. Finding a wife in the daughter of the late Dr. Wellington, to whom he came as an assistant, he succeeded to his extensive practice, and the children who have crowned and blessed that marriage were born in the old "Wellington homestead" still standing a conspicuous ornament to Pleasant street. Though always a busy man professionally, Dr. Hodgdon has taken a deep interest in public matters and been willing to bear his share of official burdens. The Public Library, founded largely through the instrumentality of Dr. Wellington, has been his special care and pride, and ever since the town made it a "free public library" (the first one in the state as he claimed) Dr. Hodgdon has served as one of the

trustees. His last public appearance here was at the dedication of the Robbins Public Library, and the paper he then presented in the form of a "Historical Sketch" was the most valuable contribution of historic data offered on that memorable occasion. Our public schools have found in him an advocate and adviser second only to Judge Parmenter who, in former years especially, received at his hands invaluable help in the town meeting discussions. Prior to the present organization of the School Committee Dr. Hodgdon was a member of that board for some years, and for one year he acted as "superintendent." Besides serving the town in these capacities, he was chosen a Water Commissioner for two terms of 3 years each, devoting himself during that time to successful settlement of suits, securing maps and establishing recorded boundaries, in addition to more formal duties of office. He also served the town in other less prominent capacities, always with credit to himself and honor to the town. For a number of years Dr. Hodgdon has been a member of the State Board of Lunacy and Charity, receiving his first commission from Gov. Robinson and his second from Gov. Brackett, and at the time of his death was chairman of the Board, his term expiring in 1895. He was also a highly honored member of Mass. Medical Society and often held important official trusts among his associates. The District Society also claimed a liberal share of his time and talent. With this he hints at how he gave of his time for interests other than his personal affairs, it will be seen that he must have been indeed a busy man. But he had other interests of a business nature on the line of his comparatively recent opening of what was his "farm" for building lots, giving to the town the attractive section now known as Wellington street. The Dr. never sought office, though he was an active politician in the best sense,—a man sure to be found at his party caucuses, ever willing to bear his full share of responsibility and expense. He was as a rule loyal to his party and was proud of being known as a party man; but there was in him a broad streak of real independence in political action. Though at the time of his death Dr. H. was 67 years of age he was in no sense an old or even an elderly man in appearance. On the contrary there was every indication that many more useful years lay before him; but a severe cold rapidly developed into pneumonia and his useful and busy life closed after a brief illness. He was attended by his son Dr. A. H. Hodgdon, a successful physician of Dedham, and other members of the profession in consultation, but was not considered dangerously sick until less than twenty-four hours before he died. Dr. Hodgdon was born in South Berwick, Me., April 11, 1825, and was graduated at Bowdoin College in 1845. On leaving college he went south and was employed as a teacher in Glynn county, Ga., for three years. He then studied medicine with Dr. Theodore H. Jewett, meanwhile attending lectures in Harvard Medical School. He took the course of Jefferson Medical College, where he took his medical degree in 1852. A year later he came to Arlington. A widow, two sons (the Dr. alluded to and Mr. Frank W., a civil engineer) and one daughter survive him.

Working for Christ.

As a fit climax this is an evangelistic movement. It is primarily an effort of the young to save the young. These Endeavorers take charge of the smallest little ones in the Junior society and train them to work for Christ. They plead with the associate members who are not willing to call themselves Christians, and they win them over. They are zealous for church membership. Last year 120,000 joined the church from the ranks of these societies, chiefly from the associate membership. They are eager with invitations to a Christian life. They put them in the way in hotels, railroad stations, barber shops, wherever young men and young women may be reached. They work in many ingenious ways. They bait their hooks with social gatherings, with music, with flowers. They are eager for souls, these Christian Endeavorers.—Once a Week.

Christian Endeavor Convention.

The twelfth international Christian Endeavor convention will be at Montreal next July. So great is the interest aroused that more accommodation has been promised than was at the disposal of the 1892 committee in New York. For the meetings the use of the National Drill hall has been secured. This is an immense stone building, absolutely fire-proof, and contains an assembly room with an area of 40,000 feet. To supplement this a huge tent, 280 by 180 feet, has been purchased and will be pitched on the square directly opposite the drill hall, and will accommodate a second meeting of 10,000 persons if necessary.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chills, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by A. A. Tilden, Arlington, and H. A. Perham, Lexington.

Deaths.

In Arlington, Jan. 30, Richard L. Hodgdon, aged 67 years, 9 months.
In Lexington, Jan. 27, Mrs. Susan Stratton, 89 years, 5 months.
In Gardner, Jan. 31, Mrs. Louisa Barnes Mason, aged 84 years.
In Arlington, Jan. 31, Christopher J. White, aged 72 years.
In Arlington, Feb. 1, Mrs. Mary E. Gardner, aged 57 years, 7 months, 24 days.

New Home Sewing Machine, 160 Tremont St., Boston. Agents wanted.

If you have chapped hands or face Use Whittemore's Glycedonia.
If you have a cough or a cold Old Dr. Howland's Balsam never fails.
If you have a prescription to be compounded, no matter whom the physician, I want to prepare it.
I use only PURE DRUGS, and DO NOT SUBSTITUTE.
You MUST trust to your druggist.
O. W. WHITTEMORE, REGISTERED PHARMACEUT.

Furniture for Sale
At house rear of 181 Arlington avenue. Feb

Dissolution of Partnership.

The partnership heretofore existing under the style of Geo. E. Muzzey is this day dissolved by limitation.
Geo. E. MUZZEY.
J. W. SKILLINGS.
Lexington, Feb. 1, 1893.

The undersigned will continue the lumber business at the old stand.
Geo. E. MUZZEY.
Lexington, Feb. 1, 1893.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

STATE HOUSE, BOSTON, Feb. 2, 1893.
The Committee on Judiciary of the House will give a hearing to parties interested in petition of the Selectmen of Arlington and the West End Street Railway Company for legislation confirming an order of location for street railway tracks to Arlington Heights, at room No. 8, State House, on TUESDAY, February 7th, at 10 o'clock, a. m.
BOWDOIN S. PARKER, Chairman.

DANA MALONE, Clerk of the Committee.

WANTED.

By a Seamstress, engagements by the day at \$1.25 per day. Address L. D., Box 425 Feb

Articles of Association for the formation of a Street Railway Corporation.

We, the subscribers, hereby associate ourselves with the intention of forming a corporation for the purpose of constructing and operating a Street Railway for the conveyance of passengers agreeably to the provisions of Chapter one hundred and thirteen of the Public Statutes, and all general laws in addition thereto.

The name of the Corporation shall be the "Myrtle Valley Street Railway Company."

The proposed railway is to commence at Central Square in the town of Stoneham and County of Middlesex, and to extend thence to and through the town of Winchester, and to extend thence to and through the town of Arlington to the junction of Myrtle street and Arlington ave. in said County of Middlesex, its terminus; its length will be about six (6) miles, and its gauge about four feet, eight inches, as required by law.

The capital stock of said Company shall be Fifty Thousand Dollars (\$50,000).

The following named persons, being members of the Association and a majority of their inhabitants of said Winchester, shall act as a Board of Directors until others shall be legally chosen by the Corporation, viz:—

ARTHUR L. WYMAN, of Winchester.
G. EDWARD SMITH, of Boston.
HENRY C. BUCK, New Brighton, Staten Island.
JOHN B. HUMPHREY, of Somerville.
SAMUEL W. McALL, of Winchester.
GEORGE S. LITTLEFIELD, of Winchester.
DAVID N. SKILLINGS, of Winchester.

And we severally agree to take the number of shares in the stock of said Corporation set against our respective names:

Subscribers.	No. of Shares.
Arthur L. Wyman, Winchester.	75
David N. Skillings, Winchester.	10
Henry C. Buck, New Brighton, Staten Island; 85 Water street, Boston.	81
A. B. Coffin, Winchester.	5
Samuel W. McCall, Winchester.	5
George C. Kellogg, Winchester.	5
G. Edward Smith, Boston.	75
Alfred S. F. Kirby, Winchester.	3
Geo. B. Appleton.	2
George S. Littlefield, Winchester; 26 State street, Boston.	3
Frank O. Covill, Winchester.	1
W. F. Forsyth, 8 Congress st., Boston.	50
R. Charles Evans, Winchester.	1
Julius A. Serra, Melrose; Boston.	1
W. A. Clark, Jr., 610 Exchange Bldg., Boston.	50
Frank W. Kean, Somerville; 50 State st., Boston.	1
Orslov Gilmore, Stoneham.	1
Lyman D. Stoneham.	1
Henry G. Young, Winchester.	1
Holbrook & Adams, Winchester.	1
J. B. Humphrey, Somerville.	75
E. F. Senborn, Winchester.	2
W. D. Brackett, Stoneham.	1
G. A. Fernald, Winchester.	1
F. V. Wooster.	1
Alex Macdonald.	1
F. H. Nourse.	1
E. Nelson Blake, Arlington.	10
William E. Blaikie, Somerville; 53 State st., Boston.	1
Erwin K. Blaikie, Winchester; 55 State st., Boston.	1
Geo. F. Mead, Lexington; 7 Fulton st., Boston.	1
Sam'l A. Fowle, Arlington.	2
A. J. Tilton, Arlington.	1
Wm. Boynton, Winchester.	10
Leonard P. Benton, Stoneham.	1
R. L. Whittier.	1
R. L. Bowser.	1
A. W. Rice.	1
W. H. Weed, Stoneham.	1
George D. Tufts, Arlington.	1
Samuel E. Kimball, Arlington.	1
Joseph Stone, Winchester.	1
H. S. Wallon, Stoneham.	1
Wm. G. Faller.	1
S. J. Holden.	1
Elizabeth E. Blaikie, Winchester.	1
Arnon Hill, Stoneham.	1
L. R. Houghton.	1
F. R. Jenkins.	1
Edw. C. Litchfield, Arlington.	1

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27 Jan 4w

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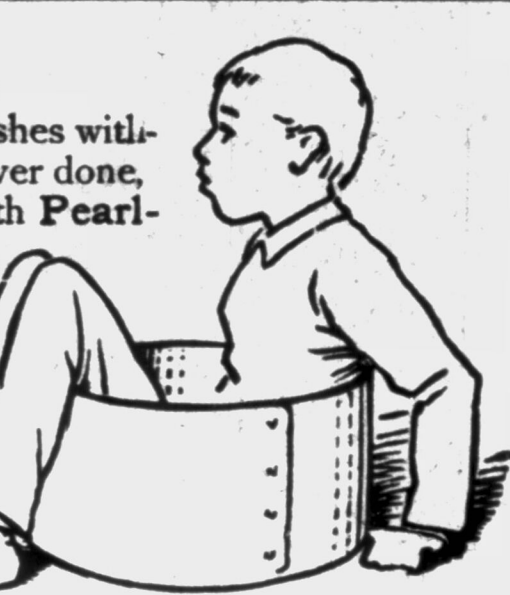
The store occupied by Mr. J. A. Spaulding as a shoe store is to let. Address MR. SPAULDING at 124 Federal street, Boston. 18 Jan

In a Peck

of trouble—the woman who washes with-out Pearl-line. Her work is never done, and it's never done well. With Pearl-line she can do twice as much, and have it done better. There is little work, less wear, never the least harm. Try Pearl-line, and see it go for dirt; when you see dirt—go for Pearl-line.

Beware

Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you, "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearl-line." IT'S FALSE—Pearl-line is never peddled, if your grocer sends you an imitation, be honest—send it back.



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TO RESIDENTS OF STATE OF MASSACHUSETTS.

THE BOSTON GLOBE has inaugurated another grand voting contest, whereby the most popular teacher of either sex, the most popular postal employee of either sex, the most popular employee of either sex in any store or mercantile business, including telegraph and telephone operators; the most popular policeman in any city or town; the most popular fireman or member of any fire department, and the most popular journeyman mechanic of any recognized trade in the State of Massachusetts can be voted for (on GLOBE coupons). The offer includes Pullman sleepers, meals en route, first-class hotels in Chicago, a ticket of admission to the fair for seven days while there. The whole trip to occupy ten days.

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one of the best situated estates in Lexington. Four acres; house and stable; henneries, etc., and all fruit. Apply to STEPHEN H. TYNG, 54 Devonshire st., room 21, Boston. 2dec

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Office at 100 Federal Street, Boston. Promptly and accurately executed. 18 Jan 11

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

EAST LEXINGTON LOCALS.

—A concert will come off on the evening of February 15th.

—Last evening the class in "History of Early Christianity" had for its topic "Gospel of Matthew."

—Sunday evening the rain descended, preventing a large attendance, but the stereopticon views were fine and Rev. Mr. Cooke spoke of "Jesus in Galilee" in connection with the scenes.

—Dr. Rexford, of Roxbury, who was to lecture, Tuesday evening, on "Universalism," was unable to come then. Owing to the sickness in the village, its postponement to some Sunday evening may be for the best.

—Candlemas day was yesterday. Around it always have clustered many superstitions, but the world still moves, though we doubt very much if all the Christmas greens were previously removed.

—Sunday seems to have been improved by nearly all the ministers, irrespective of sects, as a day in which to honor the memory of the great and gifted Phillips Brooks. How could the time have been more profitably spent than in holding spiritual communion with one who was great as a defender of the faith, and a "man sent from God!"

—Rev. G. W. Cooke preached last Sunday morning on "The Evolution of Morals," alluding to the doctrine of "heredity," and showing that morals, or the lack of them, in the family, were often evolved from generation to generation, the children often inheriting virtuous proclivities from upright and good parents and vicious tendencies from coarse and dissolute ones.

—No session of our schools again this week, on account of the measles, which have visited a greater part of the homes in our village. As they seem reluctant to leave, there is little outside news to record. It is to be regretted that our schools are so broken up this winter, for Miss Blake's illness was a drawback to the systematic work, but we hope she will be able to return next Monday, if the schools recommence then, with renewed strength, and the pupils will do all in their power to aid her.

—Last Friday evening, under the auspices of the "Follen Lend-a-Hand," a "library party" was held at Mrs. Cooke's. The following is the list of those who personated certain books and the titles of the books: Miss Hardy, "Oliver Twist;" Edwin Worthen, "Two Years Ago;" Grace Leavitt, "One Maid's Mischief;" George Foster and George Holland, "Fast Friends;" Minor Smith, "Commentators on Acts;" Charles Blanchard, "Rose in Bloom;" Josie Blanchard, "Lamb's Tales;" Mabel Smith, "The Light that Failed;" Maude Snelling, "In His Name;" Lydia Blanchard, "Red Riding Hood;" Grace Blanchard, "Rose in Ring;" Wilson Blanchard, "The Scarlet Letter;" Mabel Brown, "A Round Dozen;" Agnes M. Brown, "Six to Sixteen;" Marion Cooke, "Dolly;" Julia Maynard, "The Moonstone;" Rosa Kane, "Aunt Jo's Scrap Bag;" Eva Lowe, "Three Feathers;" Florence Kaufmann, "Ivanhoe;" Carlton Worthen, "Good Luck;" Carlton Childs, "Innocents Abroad;" Florence Cooke, "Trumps;" Annie Lawrence, "Proverbs;" Elwell Jameson, "A Lazy Man's Work;" Addie Allen, "Never Too Late to Mend;" Mattie Childs, "Chain Bearer;" Alice Brown, "A Bow of Orange Ribbon;" Frank Pierce, "Sealed Orders;" L. E. Pierce, "Lamp-lighter;" Garth Bachelor, "Hammered Anvil;" Frank Holland, "His Own Master;" Frank Mason, "Blue Ribbon;" Mrs. F. J. Whitton, "Just as I Am;" Mr. F. J. Whitton, "Woman Through a Man's Eye-Glass;" Byron Russell, "Pocket Rifle;" Crawford Brown, "A Tale of Two Cities;" George Elliott, "American Coin;" Winsor Smith, "Hard to Bear;" Cora Ball, "Blue Ribbons;" Ray Frizelle, "American Coin;" Mr. Clarence Wilbur, "The Three Feathers;" May Elliott, "Rose in Bloom."

There was much fun and also much thinking in guessing correctly the books, and we think if the authors' names were required of all it would be even more difficult for those outside the Friday evening circle. Light refreshments were served, and it was in very truth an instructive and entertaining party. The wits of all participants and others have been sharpened by it. Miss Lydia Blanchard and Mr. Frank Pierce received the first prizes, viz., a silver pin and an inkstand, and Miss Josie Blanchard and Mr. Clarence Wilbur the "booby" prizes,—match safes filled with matches.

It should be in Every House.

J. B. Wilson, 371 Clay street, Sharpsburg, Pa., says he will not be without Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, that it cured his wife who was threatened with pneumonia after an attack with "La Grippe," when various other remedies and several physicians had done her no good. Robert Barber, of Cooksport, Pa., claims that Dr. King's New Discovery has done him more good than anything he ever used for Lung Trouble. Nothing like it. Try it. Free trial bottles at the drug stores of A. A. Tilden, Arlington, and H. A. Perham, Lexington. Large bottles 50 cents and \$1.00.

Each Bros., of Cambridge, are leaders in the line of sun pictures. A cordial invitation is extended to all the residents of this section to visit their studio and inspect the pictures on exhibition. Mr. H. William Tupper, the manager, will be pleased to extend all the courtesies. Every car of the West End Railroad going to Harvard Square passes the door.

—The North American Review for February presents the usual strong array of talent in the parties secured as writers, and timeliness is the striking characteristic of the principal contributions. They are "How to Revise the Tariff," "Recollections of the Panama Canal Congress," and other articles bearing on recent developments in France. "Boons and Banes of Free Coinage" are discussed on the one hand by the Hon. R. P. Bland, who sets forth, with marked frankness, his views on the Monetary Conference recently held at Brussels, and on the other hand by John Harshen Rhoades, President of the Greenwich Savings Bank, who considers the question of savings banks and their depositors as affected by a premium on gold, while the "Depositor's Point of View" is forcibly presented by a depositor in a savings bank. Senator Hansbrough, of North Dakota, in a thoughtful paper, endeavors to demonstrate "Why Immigration Should Not Be Suspended." In "The Hope of a Home" Erastus Wyman points out in a most interesting and suggestive manner the benefits to be derived by wage earners from joining mutual Building Loan Associations. In "Notes and Comments" there are strong and timely suggestions, making this number one of exceptional excellence.

—St. Nicholas opens with a curious historical winter scene, "Capture of a Dutch Fleet by Hussars of the French Republic, January, 1794," from the painting by Charles E. Delort, making a striking and beautiful frontispiece. The Dutch child-song is a curious winter folk tale. Quite in contrast with stories of a frozen land in Rudyard Kipling's "Collar-Waller and the Poison-Stick," a story of monkey-life in India, that is as much truth as fiction, and is more descriptive than dramatic. A finely illustrated and instructive article is "Battling Under Water," by Frederick Hobart Spencer. An historical article told in an interesting manner in a sketch of the "Boyhood of Louis XIV.," by Adela E. Orpen, illustrated, with a photograph of the young King in armor. There is an imaginative story, "Little Peter and the Giant," by Jack Bennett, and a story of horsemanship by Katharine Festetics. Many dainty verses and attractive pictures add to the beauty of the number. Century Company, publishers.

—The celebrated remedy, Salvation Oil, is recommended by experienced veterinary surgeons as just the thing for the stable and cattle yards.

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CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.
Topic for the Week Beginning Feb. 5.
Comment by Rev. S. H. Doyle.
TOPIC.—Joy in God's service and in his house. Rom. xiv, 16-19; Ex. vi, 16.
The chief occupation of the Christian is to serve God in his life and worship him in his house. Service may be called worship out of God's house and worship service in God's house. It is an easily proved fact that we always do best what we take personal pleasure and delight in. The studies are best learned in which the student finds real pleasure. That duty is best performed in which we find delight, and which is not looked upon merely in the light of cold, unattractive duty. Since these things are true, how important that the Christian shall find real and unalloyed pleasure in serving God and in worshipping him in order that he may give him the best possible service and render to him the most acceptable worship!

1. "The kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost" (Rom. xiv, 17). Paul is urging the stronger Roman Christians to give up temporal desires for the benefit of the weaker brethren, giving as his reason that the highest pleasures to the Christian are not to be found in these things, but in spiritual things, the righteousness, peace and joy of which the Holy Ghost is the author. The true Christian should find his highest joys in the joys of salvation, and his greatest delight in serving God, in doing his Master's will. We should be continually filled with joy not in spite of our religion, but because of it, because we have made our peace with God, and because we delight to serve him for all his many blessings to us. It is a sad commentary upon our religion when we must go out into the world and to worldly pleasures to find enjoyment and delight. And yet that is the excuse of many Christians for participating in worldly pleasures. Cultivate a spirit of joy in serving God, such a spirit that will give you delight in doing everything that is good and in associating with those who love God and serve him.

2. "The children of Israel kept the

THE HOUSE FINISHED

LESSON VI, FIRST QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, FEB. 5.

Text of the Lesson, Ex. vi, 14-22—Memory Verses 21, 22—Golden Text, Ps. cxlii, 1—Commentary by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

14. "And the elders of the Jews builded, and they prospered through the prophesying of Hagai the prophet and Zechariah, the son of Iddo." Our last lesson in this book was in the third chapter, where we read of the laying of the foundation of the Lord's house and of the joy of the people. Then follows an account of how the adversities hindered the work and caused it to be ceased (iv, 4, 5, 24). In chapter v, we are introduced to the two prophets named in this first verse of our lesson, and in the rest of chapter v and the next chapter down to this verse we are told of the success of the work. Observe the secret of their success in chapter v, 5, "The eye of their God was upon the elders of the Jews." Compare this with the encouraging words of Hag. ii, 4, 5: "Be strong, be strong, be strong and work, for I am with you, saith the Lord of Hosts. My Spirit remaineth among you. Fear ye not."

15. "And this house was finished." The God of Israel had commanded it and had moved upon the hearts of these kings to assist His people in the work. (Previous verse, last clause.) "He doeth according to His will in the army of heaven and among the inhabitants of the earth, and none can stay His hand, or say unto Him, What dost Thou?" (Dan. iv, 35). Any servant of such a Master has no occasion ever to fear or be discouraged, for the work is His, and He cannot fail (Isa. xlii, 4; Math. xvi, 18). Our place of rest is to remember that "we are laborers together with God" (I Cor. iii, 9), but He is the employer.

16. "And the children of Israel, the priests and the Levites, and the rest of the children of the captivity, kept the dedication of this house of God with joy." The temple finished meant the presence of God in their midst, and consequently peace and prosperity and victory over all enemies. "Let them make Me a sanctuary, that I may dwell among them" (Ex. xxv, 8), were God's words to Moses when he was commanded to build the tabernacle. "I have hallowed this house which thou hast built to put My name there forever, and Mine eyes and Mine heart shall be there perpetually" (I Kings ix, 3), were God's words to Solomon at the dedication of the temple, and had Israel only walked with God in humility and obedience she would have continued head among all nations, because of the presence of the Lord, until this day. The building of this temple of Zerubbabel indicates another opportunity to have it so, and they are full of joy.

17. "And for a sin offering for all Israel, twelve he goats, according to the number of the tribes of Israel." Bulls, rams and lambs were the burnt offering, which also included an accompanying meat offering, but the goat was the sin offering. See the full statement repeated at least eight times in Num. xxix. The sin offering, typifying Christ bearing our sins in His own body on the tree, was to be offered first, for before we can worship God or do anything pleasing in His sight we must obtain the forgiveness of sins through the merits of His one great sacrifice (Lev. xvii, 11; Heb. ix, 11, 12; Acts, xiii, 38, 39). The burnt offering also typifies the same great sacrifice of Christ, but rather that aspect of it in which we see Him as an offering and sacrifice to God for a sweet smelling savor (Eph. v, 2). The meat offering is suggestive of His holy and spotless life. Being forgiven by His blood, we are to present our bodies a living sacrifice, that He may live His life in us. On the phrase "All Israel" see II Chron. xxx, 1; Rom. xi, 26; Ezek. xxxvii, 22.

18. "And they set the priests in their divisions and the Levites in their courses for the service of God which is at Jerusalem, as it is written in the book of Moses." The Levites were a gift for the Lord to do the service for the tabernacle and temple. They were chosen to stand before Him, to serve Him, to minister unto Him and offer sacrifice (Num. xviii, 6; II Chron. xxix, 11). The priests' lips should keep knowledge, and the people should seek the law at his mouth, for he is the messenger of the Lord of Hosts (Mal. ii, 7).

19. "And the children of the captivity kept the passover upon the fourteenth day of the first month." "By faith Moses kept the passover and the sprinkling of blood, lest He that destroyed the firstborn should touch them" (Heb. xi, 28). These "sons of the transportation" (verse 16, margin) did well to remember the deliverance from Egypt, but there is now drawing nigh a deliverance from Russia and from all nations that shall far outdo the deliverance at the institution of the passover (Jer. xlii, 5-8). Then shall we understand the words of the Lord Jesus in reference to His last passover, "I will not any more eat thereof until it be fulfilled in the kingdom of God" (Luke xxii, 16).

20. "For the priests and the Levites were purified together, all of them were pure." There was a ceremonial purification necessary to the keeping of the passover, and in the days of Hezekiah we read that they kept it on the second instead of the first month because the priests were not sufficiently sanctified (II Chron. xxx, 2, 3; compare Num. ix, 10, 11). If we would enjoy Christ, our Passover, who has been sacrificed for us, we must cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God (I Cor. v, 7; II Cor. vii, 1).

21. "All such as had separated themselves unto them from the filthiness of the heathen of the land to seek the Lord God of Israel did eat." It would seem that many of those who had been living in the land when they saw the temple builded and the worship of the true God established joined themselves to Israel. So shall it be in the days that are coming, when men of all languages shall say to the Jews, We will go with you, for God is with you (Zech. viii, 23). So it is now, when Christ is seen in us and not self, people will be drawn away from the follies and filthiness of this present evil world to the realities of a life of faith in the Son of God, and God will be glorified in us (Gal. i, 24).

22. "And kept the feast of unleavened bread seven days with joy, for the Lord had made them joyful and turned the heart of the king of Assyria unto them." When He giveth quietness, who then can make trouble (Job xxxiv, 30)? If God be for us, who can be against us (Rom. vii, 31)? The king's heart is in the hands of the Lord, as the rivers of water; He turneth it whithersoever He will (Prov. xxi, 1). If, as He people, we are only willing and obedient, He will make us eat the good of the land and drink of the river of His pleasures (Isa. i, 19; Ps. cxviii, 5). It is the pleasure of the Lord to have us full of joy (John xvi, 24; Gal. v, 22), but it must be His joy, and that was to do the will of God.

Boston & Maine Railroad. LOWELL SYSTEM.

On and after Nov'r 26, 1892, trains will run as follows:—

LEAVE Boston For Reformatory Station, at 6.45, 7.45, 10.00, a. m.; 1.25, 2.50, 4.25, 5.55, 6.30, p. m.; Sundays, 12.50, 6.00, p. m. **Return** at 6.30, 7.15, 8.05, 9.40, a. m.; 12.30, 1.15, 4.10, 5.55, p. m. Sunday 8.45, a. m.; 4.30, p. m.

LEAVE Boston For Concord, Mass., at 6.45, 7.45, 10.00, a. m.; 1.25, 2.50, 4.25, 5.55, 6.30, p. m.; Sunday, 12.50, 6.00, p. m. **Return** at 6.25, 7.20, 8.10, 9.46, a. m.; 12.36, 3.21, 4.11, 6.00, p. m.; Sunday, 8.53, a. m.; 4.36, p. m.

LEAVE Boston For Bedford at 6.45, 7.45, 10.00, a. m.; 1.25, 2.50, 4.25, 5.55, 6.08, 6.30, 7.50, 10.20, p. m.; Sunday, 9.15 a. m.; 12.50, 4.30, 6.00, 9.45, p. m. **Return** at 5.45, 6.34, 7.00, 7.25, 8.19, 9.57, a. m.; 12.45, 3.33, 3.40, 4.30, 6.10, 8.55, p. m.; Sunday, 8.17, 9.04, a. m.; 12.35, 2.00, 4.46, p. m.

LEAVE Boston For Lexington at 6.00, 6.45, 7.05, 7.45, 8.30, 9.05, 10.00, 11.05, a. m.; 12.20, 1.25, 2.50, 3.45, 4.25, 4.35, 5.55, 6.08, 6.30, 7.50, 9.15, 10.30, 11.30, p. m.; Sunday, 9.15, a. m.; 12.50, 2.00, 4.30, 6.00, 7.20, 9.45, p. m. **Return** at 5.05, 5.55, 6.45, 7.09, 7.41, 8.00, 8.28, 8.45, 9.35, 10.06, 11.05, a. m.; 12.00, 12.55, 2.25, 3.42, 3.52, 4.38, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 9.05, 10.10, p. m.; Sunday, 8.29, 9.16, a. m.; 12.45, 2.10, 3.00, 4.56, 8.15, p. m.

LEAVE Boston For Arlington Heights at 6.00, 6.45, 7.05, 7.45, 8.20, 9.05, 10.00, 11.05, a. m.; 12.20, 1.25, 2.50, 3.45, 4.25, 4.35, 5.55, 6.08, 6.30, 7.50, 9.15, 10.20, 11.30, p. m.; Sunday, 9.15, a. m.; 12.50, 2.00, 4.30, 6.00, 7.15, 9.45, p. m. **Return** at 5.15, 6.06, 6.52, 7.19, 7.47, 8.10, 8.34, 8.58, 9.39, 10.12, 11.15, a. m.; 12.09, 1.05, 2.35, 3.48, 4.11, 4.45, 5.56, 6.25, 6.54, 9.14, 10.19, p. m.; Sunday, 8.36, 9.26, a. m.; 12.54, 2.20, 3.11, 5.06, 8.25, p. m.

LEAVE Boston For Arlington at 6.00, 6.45, 7.05, 7.45, 8.20, 9.05, 10.00, 11.05, a. m.; 12.20, 1.25, 2.10, 2.50, 3.45, 4.25, 4.35, 5.03, 5.25, 5.55, 6.08, 6.30, 7.10, 7.50, 9.15, 10.20, 11.30, p. m.; Sunday, 9.15, a. m.; 12.50, 2.00, 4.30, 6.00, 7.15, 9.45, p. m. **Return** at 5.20, 6.14, 6.56, 7.27, 7.52, 8.16, 8.39, 9.00, 9.45, 10.17, 11.21, a. m.; 12.15, 12.35, 1.11, 2.41, 3.15, 3.53, 4.18, 4.51, 5.33, 6.01, 6.30, 7.00, 7.45, 9.20, 10.25, p. m.; Sunday, 8.42, 9.34, a. m.; 1.00, 2.26, 3.18, 5.13, 8.31.

LEAVE Arlington For Lowell at 7.05, 10.22, a. m.; 4.54, 6.10, p. m.

LEAVE Lexington For Lowell at 7.30, 10.34, a. m.; 4.30, 5.54, p. m.

LEAVE Lowell For Lexington and **Arlington** at 6.50, 9.25, a. m.; 3.00, 5.40, p. m.

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Time—First car 5.47, a. m., then every 20 minutes to 9.47, 10.17, p. m. First car leaves Bowdoin Sq. at 6.40, a. m., then every 20 minutes to 10.40, 11.10, p. m.
Sunday—First car 8.17, 30 minutes to 9.47, 10.17, 10.47, 11.17, p. m., 15 minutes to 9.17, 9.47, 10.17, p. m., last car. Return 50 min. later.

Turnout, Pleasant St. Winter street, Railroad Crossing, Henderson street, Arlington House, Tannery st., No. Cam Franklin street, Railroad Crossing, Wyman street, North Ave. Stables, Tufts Street.

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THE RAT'S OWN FAULT

IF HE HAD KEPT HIS HEAD HE WOULD'N'T HAVE BEEN KILLED.

The Pretty Girl Would Not Have Been Frightened, George's Trousers Would Still Be Available, and the Small Boy Would Have Missed Lots of Fun.

The boy sat on the big box, kicking his heels against the sides. He was a short, stumpy boy, with an abundance of freckles held over from summer. The box was an ordinary packing box. It stood on the sidewalk in front of the Walton building in Franklin street, near where the Sixth avenue elevated road crosses. Underneath the box a long, lean, gray bearded rat had taken up temporary quarters.

The rat was in bad luck. In the first place a sneaky looking dog, droopy as to tail, a mongrel of the kind termed "yaller," was lounging about, nosing in the gutter and yearning for an opportunity to display the devilry common to his kind. Behind the rat's refuge in a doorway a pretty young woman was talking to a much intimidated "George." An elderly and important looking personage, wearing gold mounted eyeglasses and carrying a gold headed cane, had just made an imposing descent from the elevated station and was promenading leisurely toward the box. A cart horse attached to a truck stood in front of a saloon near by waiting for the driver to come out. All was calm and peaceful. Then the rat came on the scene.

The first to see him was the boy. He jumped off the box, and the rat started out toward the station with the boy in hot chase. This aroused the dog, who, with a howl of anticipated sport, joined in the pursuit. The fugitive made straight for the elderly personage. The boy was a fairly good second and the dog a close third. The personage, becoming aware that something was coming his way, glanced over the top of the gold mounted eyeglasses.

"Hi, there!" yelled the boy. "He's comin' your way. Head 'im off. Swath'er 'im one with th' stick." The old gentleman "swath'ered." He missed the rat and hit the boy on the shins. The boy gave a shrill whoop, lay down on the walk and wept.

"Did it hurt you?" inquired the owner of the cane.

That made the boy so angry that he stopped crying.

"Did it hurt me?" he howled in righteous wrath. "Did it hurt me? You old gold headed snooper. How'd you like it if I clubbed yer bloomin' ol' shins with a waggin' spoke? What'd you say of a fat headed cove?—Hi! Here he comes back! Grab 'im! Turn 'im back! Hit 'im when he goes by!"

The rat had doubled on his track and was flying up the street again with the dog several paces behind. In between the feet of the personage dodged the rat. The dog essayed to follow by the same route and got tangled up with the feet. Down came the personage, his gold headed cane flying in one direction and his gold rimmed spectacles in another. Then and there he offered a few remarks that wrung from the boy an admiring tribute. "Gosh," said he, "you can cuss." In the meantime the rat was on his way up the street, and the pretty young woman who with her "George" had emerged from the doorway, was walking down the street engaged in conversation.

"Yes, he was just as nice about it as he could be; said it wasn't any trouble at all. He said: Oh! O-w-w-w-w! George! E-e-e-e-e! It's a rat! Help! It's coming this way. E-e-e-e-e! Help me up on this box. Yes, I'm all right now, but—Oh, George, do you suppose he can climb up here? E-e-e-e-e! Don't let him climb up here or I shall d-d-d-d!"

George let out a terrific kick that landed in the stomach of the pursuing dog. By way of retaliation the dog took off part of one leg from George's trousers, and fled across the street howling dimly until it came to the cart horse. Apparently connecting that animal with his misfortunes, the dog nibbled at its hind leg. The horse snorted and ran down the street with the truck clattering after. The rat, instead of taking this chance of escape, rushed frantically across the street and back again, with the boy, who had come up, followed by the personage, hot on the trail. The personage was regarding with undisguised admiration the pretty girl, who, with garments gathered and held up lightly in one hand, was standing on tiptoe on the box viewing the chase. George was looking at his trousers.

The owner of the truck came out of the saloon in time to see his property rattling down the street. As he started after it, leaving a trail of profanity behind him, a gaunt cat sauntered out of the saloon. Before the teamster had caught his horse the cat had pounced on the rat and put an end to him. Then the dog avenged his woes by catching her by the back of the neck and shaking the life out of her. The boy hit the dog with a brick on general principles. Then he returned to the personage, the box, George, and the pretty young woman. The latter was saying:

"Oh, dear! I was so scared. I hope I—Oh, George, did I hold my dress up so very high? Please say I didn't! That horrid old man with the eyeglasses!" "Why, of course you didn't," said George promptly. The girl descended and walked away with him, her fears alleviated.—New York Sun.

Experiments with Pigeons. Experiments have recently been made to determine the length of time through which a carrier pigeon will preserve the "homing" instinct—that is to say, how

long a bird must be kept away from its original or home loft before it will lose the instinct to return. Recently seventy-two pigeons in the German military service were taken from Mayence to Brunswick, a distance of 170 miles, and kept in captivity a month. Then they were liberated. They started instantly in the direction of Mayence and arrived there in 44 hours.—Youth's Companion.

Mr. Bement's Cabinet of Minerals. The largest and richest private cabinet of minerals in America is said to be that of Mr. Clarence L. Bement, of Philadelphia. His collection fills nearly a whole floor of his large house, which is lighted with special reference to seeing his treasures to advantage, and none of the public museums have specimens of a size, beauty and perfection to surpass those that he has been patiently gathering for the past twenty years or more. The leading dealers in this country have standing orders to send him the best of what comes to them, and they willingly do so, for he is prompt and liberal in his payments, being a gentleman not only of enthusiasm, but of ample fortune. What he does not take is sent to the British museum as the second best buyer. While it is difficult to set a price on a scientific collection, it is said by those who should know that Mr. Bement's cabinet is worth at least \$125,000.—New York Sun.

The Old Way. Mr. Halloran, an up river pilot of celebrity, who was studying the lower Mississippi river, told me that he remembered when it was the custom for the mates to hit lazy negroes on the head with a billet of wood "and knock them stiff." The other negroes used to laugh, presumably as the sad faced man laughed when the photographer clapped a pistol to his head and said, "Smile, or I'll shoot you." When the felled negro came to the others would say, "Lep up a-comin' an' git to work, nigger: de mate's a-comin'." They do not urge the help with cordwood now—the mate of the Providence told me—because the negroes get out warrants and delay the boat.—Julian Ralph in Harper's.

No Longer an Experiment. The kindergarten is no longer an experiment. It is not now on the defensive, either on its educational or on its philanthropic side. It is rather for those who ignorantly oppose the kindergarten to show cause for their opposition in the face of the almost unanimous approval of experts and the enthusiastic indorsement of all that part of the general public who have had the opportunity of becoming familiar with its methods and results.—Century.

Invention Succeeds Invention. The new hook and eye that are peculiar because the hook has a hump in it have been succeeded by a hook that is peculiar for two humps between which the eye is held in place. Thus rapidly does invention succeed invention in this land of novelties.—New York Sun.

Looking for Gold. Mr. R. T. Imbrie, of Washington county, Or., found a piece of pure gold about the size of a pea in the gizzard of one of his chickens. He is now on a still hunt for the feeding grounds of that particular chicken, and is thinking of assaying the entire barnyard company.—New York Sun.

It Wouldn't Pay. The North Carolina boy who went out to shoot birds with a gun made of a brass tube shot himself of course. And we don't know that we are even sorry for his parents. It would not pay to raise such a fool.—Buffalo Express.

A prominent jeweler says that he sells a number of daggers annually to women. These are not ornaments, but serious weapons. They are just large enough to slip easily inside a woman's gown. Some women have these made to order, when they are lavishly adorned and entrusted with precious stones. They are frequently carried in traveling, when they are intended as weapons of defense. They are preferred to revolvers, which are likely to go off summarily and in the wrong direction.—Jewelers' Circular.

The latest clock is described by the advertisements in the jeweler's window: "We have got you at last. This clock keeps on ringing its alarm until you get out of bed and remove the pin."

At a recent sale in Paris two autograph scores of Offenbach were sold at fifty dollars, and that of "Le Prophete" of Meyerbeer at thirty dollars.

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NEW YORK'S POSTAL SERVICE.

Interesting Facts About the Growth of the Delivery System.

The fair of the postoffice employees was an incentive to resuscitate and revivify every postal article obtainable that was quaint, ancient, and antique, even to an exhibit of a picture of the building used for the first postoffice. In connection with this might have been mentioned the fact that it was in 1623, nine years after the construction of the first fort at the southern end of Manhattan Island, that the first postoffice saw its beginning. Previous to this, masters of vessels bringing letters from domestic and foreign ports brought them on shore and left them at a coffee house, where the merchants, the burghers and the loungers met to discuss the topics of the day. Here the letters were deposited in a rack, where they might be obtained by the persons to whom they were addressed.

In 1660, when New Amsterdam consisted of straggling groups of one story houses with peaked roofs and gable ends fronting the street, and when the city extended no farther north than Wall street, there was the town winding near the Battery, and the government house stood in Water street, near Whitehall. It was in this year that the letter carrier first appeared—the lounging who carried the mail to the merchant or burgher. It was not until 1692, however, that the first city postoffice was established, near Bowling green, the postmaster being Richard Nichol.

In 1710 the British postmaster general established the general postoffice in this city and ordered that all mails coming by vessels should be sent there. A year later post routes between New York and Boston and New York and Albany were established, and the mails were carried on horseback twice a month. In 1740 a similar route was established between New York and Philadelphia.

In 1753 Benjamin Franklin was appointed postmaster general of the colonies. Alexander Colden soon afterward succeeded Richard Nichol as postmaster of the city, which office he held until the beginning of the Revolution, when the postoffice was abolished by the British officials and remained closed for seven years.

William Bedlow, after whom Bedlow's island was named, was the first postmaster appointed after the war, and in 1786 he was succeeded by Sebastian Barnum, at which time the postal revenue was \$2,789, and the city directory contained 926 names only.—New York Tribune.

Bound to Say Something. Among other anecdotes of university life Dean Hole tells of an occasion when there was some doubt as to the locality of a city mentioned in a Greek text, and the lecturer addressed a youth who had just come up from the famous Shrewsbury school. "Now, Mr. Bentley, you are a pupil of our great geographer, Dr. Butler, the Atlas of our age, who carries the world not on his shoulders, but in his head, and you can probably enlighten us as to the position of this ancient town." "I believe, sir," was the prompt reply, "that modern travelers are of the opinion that the city ought to be placed about ten miles to the southeast of the spot it now occupies on our map."

After receiving respectful thanks for his information, the informer told Dean Hole as they left the lecture room that he had never heard of the venerable city before, but that for the honor of Shrewsbury and the reputation of Dr. Butler he felt himself bound to say something.

The Origin of an Expression. Mr. McElroy tells this: A few years ago some one defined a Mugwump to be "a person who is educated beyond his intellect." The remark was credited to several leading New Yorkers. But one day, in reading Matthew Arnold's essay "On Translating Homer" I came across this sentence: "The late Duke of Wellington said of a certain peer that 'it was a great pity his education had been so far too much for his abilities.'"

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WIND WINDS A CLOCK.

An Ingenious Contrivance of an Inventor in Belgium.

The Garre de Nord, Brussels, has been fitted with a mechanical wonder in the shape of a clock, which, although constantly exposed to all kinds of weather, never gets out of repair, nor does it need to be wound by the hand of man. It is a perpetual timekeeper of the most unique and original design, the running weight being kept in constant motion either through the influence of gravitation, as when on the descending trip, or by the wind's action on a fan attachment which causes the weight to rise to a level with the top of the framework. The winding attachment is not a windmill of the regulation type, but is a fan placed in a common chimney, the paddles being acted upon by the natural "up cast" or "draft."

As soon as this fan has raised the "running weight" to its extreme height, the cord to which the weight is attached acts on a wheel which throws a brake into gear, and the more rounds of cord that are added, so much more strongly does the brake act to prevent the weight from rising any higher, the checking tendency being transmitted to the fan wheel with every revolution.

A simple pawl arrangement prevents the down draft from exerting any contrary influence on the fan wheel. There is not, as one might suppose on first thought, any necessity of having a fire in the stove or fireplace of the chimney to which this odd clock is attached. The natural tendency of air is to ascend through such vents, the draft thus created being always sufficient for weight winding purposes. The clock might be placed at the top of a hollow tree with a bottom opening, or any other cylinder from fifteen to twenty-five feet in height.

With its present attachments this clock runs but twenty-four hours after the winding fan stops, but by the addition of another wheel or two, might be made to run a month or two even though the up draft were not sufficiently strong to turn the winding wheel in the meantime. The inventor is a native of Belgium.—St. Louis Republic.

The Marriage Tie.

Said a brilliant woman, whom not one of the refined coterie who heard her thought of calling "immoral": "At eighteen I married, of my own foolish will, a man of fifty, who adored me. At twenty I had learned that it would be a sin to waste my full young life—the only life I could know this side of the grave—in so monstrous a union. He was a good man, and, according to his lights, a model husband. I could not but respect him, but we had not one emotion in common. We were wholly incompatible in feeling, sentiment, in nature. Upon this ground, and this alone, I obtained a divorce."

Tear away sentimental verbiage and this woman's case stands thus: Her husband's ideas and tastes were not, to her apprehension, favorable to the development of what she sketched as the life she ought to lead. Her individual happiness outranked all other considerations in her mind. The marriage vow, uttered of her own free will, because she then fancied that she was forwarding her selfish interests by the union, became a rope of sand when inclination veered to another quarter.—Marion Harland in Harper's Bazar.

A Prize Easily Won.

A set of toppers were carousing in the Old Boar, and relieved the monotony by cracking jokes and telling funny stories. After an interval of rest one of their number sprang to his feet and shouted: "I'll give ten bottles of wine to the man who shall most closely imitate the voice of any animal."

The offer was accepted, and there was a neighing, a croaking, a grunting, a quacking, a howling and a growling fit to deafen the hearers. The last man then stood in the ring, and—did nothing. After five minutes' silence he perceived that his companions were growing impatient, when he quietly remarked: "There, gentlemen, that was the voice of a fish!"

General hilarity. He won the wine.—Kalendar.

Prosperous Negroes.

When the war closed there were about 600 negroes owned by the Creek Indians. When they were free the Indians attempted to drive them out of the territory. The government wouldn't permit it, but made them citizens of the Creek nation and clothed them with all the rights and privileges of a full blood.

The Indians were compelled to accept this state of affairs. For awhile they badly treated their black skinned brothers, heaping all sorts of indignities upon them, which were borne with patient fortitude. When the lands were divided the government gave them a pro rata share. They have increased in population, now numbering about 2,000, raised respectable families and are doing well.—New York Advertiser.

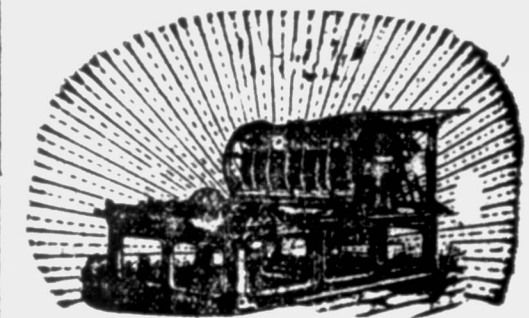
A Poor, Unfortunate Man.

Two Chicago women made a wager on the late election, the loser to make a proposal of marriage to some man. She has done so, and fancy the feelings of the man, who is a United States senator from Wisconsin, when he finds out how it all came about.—Boston Transcript.

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FITCHBURG DEPOT, 10 30 A. M. Lv. Boston via Fitchburg, Central Vermont, Grand Trunk, Chicago & Grand Trunk Rys., arriving at Chicago 9.30 P. M., next evening, only one night out. Fare, \$19.00. First-class. Has Parlor Car to Montreal, Vestibule Sleeping Car Montreal to Chicago.

MONTREAL LINE.

BOSTON & MAINE, Lowell Depot, 11 A. M. Lv. Boston via Boston & Maine, Southern Division, Concord & Montreal, Central Vermont, Grand Trunk and Chicago & Grand Trunk Rys., arriving at Chicago 8.00 P. M., next evening, only one night out. Fare, \$19.00. First-class. Has Parlor Car to Montreal, Vestibule Sleeping Car Boston to Chicago without change.

***NIAGARA FALLS ROUTE.**

FITCHBURG DEPOT, 7 P. M. Lv. Boston via Fitchburg, West Shore, Grand Trunk, Chicago & Grand Trunk Rys., arriving at Chicago 8.00 P. M., the second morning. First-class Fare, \$21.00. Has sleeping Car Boston to Chicago without change.

NIAGARA FALLS ROUTE.

FITCHBURG DEPOT, 7 15 P. M. Lv. Boston via Fitchburg, West Shore, Grand Trunk, Chicago & Grand Trunk Rys., arriving at Chicago 8.00 P. M., the second morning. First-class Fare, \$21.00. Has sleeping Car Boston to Chicago without change.

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THE SWEET, SAD YEARS.

The sweet, sad years, the sun, the rain,
Alas, too quickly did they wane!
For each some boon, some blessing bore,
Of smiles and tears each had its store,
Its chequered lot of bliss and pain.

Although it lide be and vain,
Yet cannot I the wish restrain
That I had held them evermore,
The sweet, sad years!
Like echo of an old refrain
That long within the mind has lain,
I keep repeating o'er and o'er,
"Nothing can e'er the past restore,
Nothing bring back the years again.
The sweet, sad years."
—Rev. Charles D. Bell.

Working on Mountain Tops.

Some practical facts are furnished by the experience of the workmen engaged in the construction of the new Central railway over the main range of mountains in Peru. The line starts from Lima, in latitude 12 degs. The summit tunnel of this line at Galeria is at the height of 15,645 feet, or a little under the height of Mont Blanc, but it must be remembered that the climatic conditions are very different and more unfavorable in Peru than in Europe.

Mr. E. Lane, the engineer in chief finds that the workmen up to an altitude of 8,000 to 10,000 feet do about the same relative quantity of work as at sea level, provided they have been inured to the height or brought up in the country. At 12,000 feet the amount of work deteriorates, and at 14,000 to 16,000 a full third has to be deducted from the amount that the same man could perform at sea level.

Mules and horses are found to do about the same efficient work proportionately as human beings up to about 17,000 feet in the district.—Nineteenth Century

Remarks About Snow.

The snow was particularly light and fluffy, and it settled on the sidewalks like fine goose feathers. The janitor of a certain flat is a son of Ham, built like a Hercules. The janitor of the next flat is a son of Erin. The two recognize no color line, and are great friends. Before the sun they rose to clear the sidewalks of the snow ere it should be trampled down by pedestrians. Both were equipped with snow shovels.

"By golly, Pat," shouted the herculean son of Ham, after he had been working for a few minutes, "dis yar snow am so feadery dat shovelin it ain't no good no how. Minds me of pushing fat."

"Well, begorra," replied Pat, without looking up from his work, "get a fan and fan it off."—New York Times.

Big Salvage in New York Harbor.

In 1889 the City of New York, on her first voyage to this port, ran ashore off Sandy Hook. A leading wrecking company of this city took a score of lighters down to take off her cargo so that she might be floated. A number of tugs aided in the work.

The wrecking company put in a claim for salvage and was awarded \$75,000. Including the compensation to the tugs which worked with the wrecking company the total amount of salvage awarded was over \$100,000.—New York Evening Sun.

His Retort Courteous.

A well known New Yorker, famous for his bon mots, was asked by a friend upon returning from Boston recently if he had renewed his acquaintance with a certain lady well known for her impressive style and blue stockingish qualities.

"No," he replied with a smile. "She invited me one evening to meet some minds at tea," but I had an engagement—to meet some stomachs at dinner—at the St. Botolph club, and so I had to forego the pleasure."—New York Herald.

The Smallest Painting.

Probably the smallest painting ever made was the work of the wife of a Flemish artist. It depicted a mill with the sails bent, the miller mounting the stairs with a sack of grain on his back. Upon the terrace where the mill stood was a cart and horse, and in the road leading to it several peasants were shown. The picture was beautifully finished, and every object was very distinct, yet it was so amazingly small that its surface could be covered with a grain of corn.—New York Press.

Working in Great Altitudes.

Owing to the absence of malaria the percentage of efficient labor at the greatest elevation is a very high one. Men coming from the coast are not found capable of doing efficient work for about two weeks on an average, when taken to high elevations. The capacity gradually increases and reaches its maximum in a few weeks or months, according to the constitution of the individual.—Nineteenth Century.

The Egyptians and Romans.

The Egyptians and the Romans among ancient nations present characteristic examples of inequality in the development of the different elements of their civilization, and even of the different branches of which each of these elements is composed.—Popular Science Monthly.

We are told by Livy that when Hannibal had vanquished the Romans in the battle of Cannae two women, seeing their sons whom they had supposed dead return in good health, died immediately from excessive joy.

Lenity will operate with greater force in some instances than rigor. It is therefore my first wish to have my whole conduct distinguished by it.—Washington.

In public house signs three seems to play an important part, such signs as "Three Bells," "Three Jolly Sailors," "Three Bears," etc., being often used.

A fast penman will write at the rate of thirty words a minute, which means that in an hour's steady writing he has drawn his pen along a space of 800 yards.

The Chinese women, who have coarse, hard hair, though beautiful, use a curious mixture of honey and flour to cleanse and soften it.

AMERICAN BEAUTY.

COMPARATIVE MEASUREMENTS OF GIRLS IN TWO CITIES.

The California Young Maiden Is Claimed to Be Nearer Perfect as to Form Than Her Sister in New York—Interesting Comparisons as to Feet.

A sculptor's ideal of beauty is evolved on mathematical principles. A perfect woman is 7 or 7½ or 8 heads tall; her shoulders are two heads wide; her legs are 3½ to 3¾ heads long; her waist is 3 heads in circumference. But the size of heads varies in women who are equally perfect in shape; the head of the Venus de Medici is nearly one-eighth less in proportion than that of the Venus of Milo or the Cnidian Venus of Praxiteles, which was esteemed by the ancients the most perfect statue in existence. The Medici Venus is a slim, slender girl, whose proportions resemble the statues of Psyche. Living reproductions of her are more frequently seen in New York than here.

There fell into The Argonaut's possession a list of measurements of the proportions of a young lady of San Francisco, who is looked upon as being beautiful and having a fine figure—in short, a typical California girl. With these we have compared a similar ground plan of a New York girl which we secured at the time Professor Sargent was collecting statistics concerning the young women in eastern seminaries; likewise the measurements of Ballow's well known ideal beauty. They compare as follows:

	California girl.	New York girl.	Ballow's ideal.
Height	5 ft. 6 in.	5 ft. 5 in.	5 ft. 6 in.
Length of head	8 in.	8 in.	8 in.
Circumference of bust	35 in.	34 in.	35 in.
Circumference of hips	35 in.	34 in.	35 in.
Circumference of waist	24 in.	24 in.	24 in.
Circumference of neck	12 in.	12 in.	12 in.
Width of shoulders	15 in.	15 in.	15 in.

The weights of the first and the last are between 130 and 135 pounds, while the New York girl weighs about 126.

Polyclotus, an old Greek sculptor from Liccyon, left rules governing the relative proportions of the female frame. He said that twice the thumb was once round the wrist, which it is not, unless the thumb is unusually large and the wrist unusually slender; that twice the wrist is the size of the neck, which is about the case in a well proportioned woman; that twice the neck is once round the waist, which is about so. But he also says that the hand and foot and face should all be of the same length, which is very rarely the case, and that the body should be six times the length of the foot, which would limit most men, whose feet average ten inches in length, to a stature of five feet. The gentleman from Liccyon is evidently not a trustworthy guide.

Referring to the above table, it will be observed that the waist of the New Yorker is much smaller than that of the other two. The fashion of small waists is the rage in the east, and the desired result is obtained by tight lacing, which is carried to such an extent that the physiognomist is lost in amazement as to where the lady has bestowed her vital organs. No statue in existence exhibits such a disproportion between the waist and those portions of the trunk which lie above and below it. The compression of the girth is a mere fashionable fad which good taste must condemn. Our California girl wears a 24-inch corset, which might easily be reduced to a 23-inch if the wearer saw fit to sacrifice comfort to eastern fashion. They are belles in New York who are not satisfied till they have squeezed themselves into a 17-inch corset. Such persons, it would seem, would have enjoyed the Scottish boot.

The bust and hips should, in a perfectly formed woman, be exactly the same in circumference. They are so in Ballow's ideal, in the Venus of Milo, in the Cnidian Venus and in the California girl. In the New Yorker the circumference of the bust is half an inch greater than that of the hips, which is probably the work of art, not nature.

Ballow does not give the dimensions of his ideal's feet or hands. He merely says that they are "in proportion," which is rather vague. The rule among sculptors is that the foot should measure one head, which is unsatisfactory, as some large women have small heads, and some small women large heads.

The female foot is probably smaller in New York society than here, for the simple reason that it has less to carry. Shoemakers say here that they sell more 4 and 4½ shoes than any others, but many ladies in society buy 3½, 3, and even 2½ shoes. The knights of St. Crispin do not believe in the sculptor's rule about feet. They say that small feet, like large wits, are a gift from heaven, and may be found attached to persons of any dimensions. Everybody has observed that there is no necessary connection between the hands and the figure; that some slim girls have large hands, and some girls with opulent figures small hands and fingers.

Take all the measurements together, and the conclusion is forced that the Californian girl more closely resembles the Cnidian Venus than the Venus of Medici, and that a representative Californian statue should be cast after a study of that masterpiece as well as of the Venus of Milo and the Venus Callipyge.—San Francisco Argonaut.

The Worthy Novel.

The novel that is worthy of the name, and which is calculated to render a broader service than the pecuniary compensation of its author, is the one which takes the problems of life as they present themselves to us, and by the example of the characters portrayed teaches us the way to their proper solution; that presents us with types of manly and womanly character that may inspire the reader to emulation of their excellences, and that is withal a natural, helpful, concrete story of a life of lives. Such a novel is worth all the literary freaks that ever have been or ever will be produced.—Donahoe's Magazine.

Seashore, Forest, and Mountain

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Notes About Alligators.

There is nothing that a gator likes better than fresh pork, and he will toddle three miles from water for a Florida razorback. In cool weather he buries himself in mud and becomes dormant until it grows warm. Hunters still make a living by killing him for his hide and teeth. The killing of alligators from the docks of river steamers in Florida has been stopped by law. Tourists became very careless in their use of firearms, and would endanger the lives of passengers in their haste to get a shot before the boat got by a plump saurian. Yet it is remarkable that only one person, a woman, was ever wounded in these reckless fusillades.—New York Sun.

CHOICE STORIES

like the one published in this issue are a feature with this Home Newspaper. You should see to it at once that you

Do Not Miss a Number.

DO YOU WANT TO ADOPT A BABY?

Maybe you think this is a new business, sending out babies on application; it has been done before, however, but never have those furnished been so near the original samples as this one. Everyone will exclaim, "Well! that's the sweetest baby I ever saw!" This little black-and-white engraving can give you but a faint idea of the exquisite original,



"I'M A DAISY," which we propose to send to you, transportation paid. The little darling rests against a pillow, and is in the act of drawing off its pink sock, the mate of which has been pulled off and flung aside with a triumphant coo. The flesh tints are perfect, and the eyes follow you, no matter where you stand. The exquisite reproductions of this greatest painting of Ida Waugh (the most celebrated of modern painters of baby life) are to be given to those who subscribe to Demorest's Family Magazine for 1893. The reproductions cannot be told from the original, which cost \$400, and are the same size (17x22 inches). The baby is life size, and absolutely lifelike. We have also in preparation, to present to our subscribers during 1893, other great pictures by such artists as Percy Moran, Maud Humphrey, Louis Deschamps, and others of world-wide renown. Take only two examples of what we did during the past year, "A Yard of Paradise," and "A White House Orchid" by the wife of President Harrison, and you will see what our promises mean.

Those who subscribe for Demorest's Family Magazine for 1893 will possess a gallery of exquisite works of art of great value, besides a Magazine that cannot be equaled by any in the world for its beautiful illustrations and subject matter, that will keep everyone posted on all the topics of the day, and all the facts and different items of interest about the household, besides furnishing interesting reading matter, both grave and gay, for the whole family; and while Demorest's is not a fashion Magazine, its fashion pages are perfect, and we give you, free of cost, all the patterns you wish to use during the year, and in any size you choose. Send in your subscription at once, and you will really get over \$35 in value. Address the publisher, W. Jennings Demorest, 15 East 14th St., New York. If you are unacquainted with the Magazine, send 10 cents for a specimen copy.

MANAGING ENGLISH FARMS.

The Results of an Intelligent and Capable Land Owner in England.

Mr. W. J. Harris gives a most helpful and interesting account of the Halwill manor estate. This was poor land and much of it was untouched for long periods, being treated as a summer run for cattle. The investor, Mr. Harris, was tempted at first to do what at that time was generally done by landlords—consolidate farms, pull down old cottages and in fact generally reduce the available population and labor on the land.

Several farms fell in soon after Mr. Harris' purchase of the estate, but he was "converted" by observing that, where the landlord or the farming tenant had allowed the cottagers to cultivate the land immediately around them, the value of the land had been doubled by the laborer without indeed any guarantee of permanent residence.

Instead of destroying, the new landlord built and repaired, and having farms on his hands was enabled to cut off certain fields and allot them to cottagers. Small farms grew up and the larger ones were reduced. Thus land was let that otherwise would not have been—moorland inclosures, for instance—and it was on these that the value of the system made itself at once apparent.

Land not valued at more than five shillings per acre in its rough state became, when meadow land, worth from thirty to fifty shillings, and as the cottages were in demand the population increased, and farmers knowing that labor could always be obtained took the large farms, reduced though they were. Wages have risen from ten and eleven shillings to twelve and fourteen shillings per week.

Mr. Harris says he made the mistake of working his vacant farms with bailiffs, thinking, as the land was in low condition, he might do it better than a tenant. But, as he says, it is the laborer who knows best and who succeeds, provided he has not more land than he can manage. One of these small holders now has fifty acres and gives occasional employment.

One secret of the small farmer's success is that one man works on his farm for no wages at all, and that is the farmer himself. The small farmers help each other, and they seldom let a crop stand too late or get behindhand, as is the fashion with some misguided men, who underman their large farms and depend on outside labor for chronic emergencies. The harm that a large landowner can do by farming meanly is incalculable.—London Saturday Review.

Old Time "Reviewing."

The first age of the great modern reviews and magazines was an age of kicks and rough horseplay. Party spirit ran high under the regency, and literary criticism, so far from being the "disinterested" affair which Matthew Arnold demands, was avowedly run upon political lines. Libel suits and challenges rained upon magazine editors. Jeffrey and Moore went through the forms of a duel. The Chaldee manuscript had to be suppressed in the second edition, and cost Mr. Blackwood a thousand pounds as it was. Aggrieved persons lay in wait for editors in the street.

Thus one Mr. Douglas, of Glasgow, who had been roughly handled in "Maga," came to Edinburgh and horsewhipped Blackwood, and was in turn beaten by Blackwood, who had re-enforced himself meanwhile with a cudgel and with the Ettrick Shepherd.—H. A. Beers in Century.

Why a Man Loses Faith.

Ex-Judge Henry E. Howland is credited with the following:

It is the gross and palpable subtleties, deceptions and evasions that are abhorrent to our natures in dealing with the outside world, like that in a prohibition town in Maine, where a lank and red nosed countryman called into a drug store and placing a demijohn on the counter said to the clerk, "I want a gallon of rum, baby's sick," or the cautious sparring for an advantage suggested by the answer of the rector of a country parish who was revising his sermon one Sunday morning and was waited upon in his study by his organist, who asked what he should play. "I don't know," said the rector, absently; "what kind of a hand have you got?"—New York World.

A Cure for Snake Bite.

Another treatment for snake bite is added to the long list of remedies that have come from many countries. It is said that the natives of Australia have comparatively little fear of snake bites. They keep always at hand a piece of string made of human hair. The string is tied tightly three or four inches above the bite, a small circle an eighth of an inch deep is cut around the two fang punctures with a knife, and the largest vein below the bite is slit to allow the blood to run out. The last stage of this heroic treatment is the turning on of a stream of water to the affected part and the rubbing down steadily of the limb for about twenty minutes.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

The Number Three in Daily Life.

In the nursery rhymes and tales of childhood who cannot remember the "Three Wise Men of Gotham" who took a sea voyage in a bowl, not to mention the luckless trio of blind mice whose tails were cut off by the farmer's wife?

Examples of this sort might be multiplied indefinitely, but coming down to everyday life, our meals are regulated by the rule of three, while the sick patient would be guilty of treason to his doctor if he refused to take his medicine three times a day.—New York News.

Success of Electric Plants.

The question, "Is light or darkness conducive to the growth of an electric plant?" was recently discussed by a debating society in a western college. Some stated that light was, because if no lamps were lit there would be no profits, while others said that darkness was, because if there was no darkness there would be no need of lights. The debate finally terminated in a draw.—New York Press.

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(Testimonial.) LEXINGTON, Dec. 22, 1892.

DR. CLOCK. DEAR SIR: I would like to state that I am more than pleased with your method for Painless Filling. The drilling caused no pain although my teeth are quite sensitive, and after previous painful experiences your work was very satisfactory to say the least.

Yours truly, B. E. ANDERSON, Station Agt., B. & M. R. R.

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Of all kinds; also

HAY AND STRAW,

AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

Prices made satisfactory for wholesale buyers and full market value guaranteed. 18 Dec 19

Allington Locals.

Continued from 1st page.

standing a moment at the flagman's house, on his arrival at dinner, he saw a young man skulking away from the station, and when he was called after the fellow broke into a run, heading for the Spy Pond House grounds. Mr. Breshnehan followed in hot pursuit, but the fellow would most likely have got away had he not broken through the new ice formed where the ice had been harvested near the hotel grounds. Mr. Breshnehan pulled the fellow out of the water and then marched him to the station house, where he was given dry clothing and locked up. He gave his name as Harry L. Hemenway, of Somerville, but when brought into court at Cambridge, on Wednesday, he was identified as Herbert L. Hovey, of Somerville, and was sentenced to the Reformatory at Concord. There is reason to believe that he is one of a gang of young thieves who have operated in this section for some time.

For several years the annual fair or sale by Arlington Universalist Society has been a striking event of each first month in the new year, and each succeeding one brings forward some important new detail to add enjoyment or effectiveness. In view of the celebration of the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America, which has occupied so much attention of late, it was strikingly appropriate that the festival this year should be called the "Columbian Bazaar," and the manner in which the appropriate idea was carried out reflects credit on all concerned. For several years, when the Universalist Society has held fairs in Town Hall, the centre has been occupied by a pagoda-shaped structure, devoted to the sale of fancy articles, etc., which has always been the striking feature. In the "Columbian Bazaar," given last week, the centre of the hall was given up for supper tables. These were found much easier to clear away when the time came for the dance with which the affair closed. The booths for the sale of useful and fancy articles, candy, etc., were arranged around the hall. Most of the attendants wore costumes in keeping with the character and decoration of the booth over which they presided, and the hall presented a strikingly pleasing picture when the lights were turned on the opening night. Besides the booths alluded to there was the usual ice cream department, and a shooting gallery monopolized the stage. In front of the stage was a raised platform, covered with handsome fur rugs, which constituted the "throne" on which "Columbus" (Mr. Wm. T. Foster, Jr.) and "Isabella" (Miss Bott) received the homage of the assembling company. Dramatic readings by Miss Bruce and Miss Perkins were given with good effect and elicited hearty applause, as did also the piano solos rendered by Miss Emma Barker. The following is a full list of the committees in charge of the several departments of the fair:—

SUNDAY SCHOOL BOOTH (United States).—Miss Carrie Higgins, Miss Lizzie Walker, Mrs. F. Mead, Mrs. F. Wadleigh.

FLOWER BOOTH (Portugal).—Mrs. Jas. O. Holt, Miss Nettie Menchin, Mrs. J. F. McLeod, Miss Suegren, Miss Davidson.

DONATION BOOTH (Spain).—Mr. Henry Swan, Mr. Crocker, Mrs. Hawkins, Mrs. Proctor, Miss Elsie McLeod.

FANCY ARTICLE BOOTH (France).—Mrs. Wm. Patton, Mrs. Jos. Butterfield, Mrs. G. A. Stewart, Mr. W. F. Town, Mrs. A. Nichols, Mrs. Geo. W. Storer.

CANDY BOOTH (Italy).—Miss Tomlinson, Miss Bertha Hall, Miss Fuller, Mrs. Barker, Mrs. Moore.

GRAB BOX.—Miss Myra Peirce.

SHOOTING GALLERY.—Alfred Roberts, Will Throp Patton.

ICE CREAM ROOM.—Mr. F. B. Wadleigh, Mr. W. O. Menchin, Miss Schofield.

APRON BOOTH (England).—Miss A. E. Russell, Mrs. Bacon, Mrs. E. A. Gleason, Mrs. Wm. N. Winn.

MYSTERY BOXES.—Miss N. Russell, Mrs. D. Donald, Miss Holt, Mrs. F. Hadley.

LEMONADE.—Mr. Wm. Nichols, Mr. H. D. Hawkins.

Supper Committee.—Mrs. F. Durgin, Mrs. J. Bonno, Mrs. Davidson, Mrs. East, Mr. Charles East, Mr. E. H. Cutter, Mr. Geo. Peirce, Mr. J. O. Holt.

Treasurer.—Mr. L. K. Russell.

Doorkeepers.—Mr. Ed. Smith, Mr. Ed. Morton, Mr. G. Peirce, Mr. F. Hadley.

Advertising Committee.—Mr. A. M. Davidson, Mr. J. O. Holt.

Mrs. William O. Menchin filled the responsible post of general manager of the "Bazaar" and the dance with which the affair closed had Mr. Wm. F. Towne for floor manager, his assistants being Messrs. J. O. Holt, Ed. H. Cutter, Everett Kirsch, Charles S. Cutter, Warren W. Puffer.

The fair closed as usual with a dancing party, well managed by gentlemen of large experience in such matters, and all who participated had an enjoyable time. The net total of this year's effort to raise funds for the benefit of the church and society is \$400.00.

The following item clipped from the San Diego Union of January 20th tells a story of pathetic interest to a wide circle of friends in Arlington who knew and respected highly the parties mentioned:—

"Mrs. Adeline L. Rich died at Bonita, yesterday, under circumstances of peculiar sadness. She has been living on the Sweetwater Fruit Company's place at Bonita with her daughter, Miss Mabel, who has been teaching school in the vicinity. Three days ago Mrs. Rich was attacked with pneumonia, which, on account of her advanced age (62 years), quickly weakened her, and she was compelled to take to her bed. She bore up wonderfully, however, as her sister, whom she had not seen for some years, was on the way from Massachusetts to visit her, and was expected daily. The sick woman even tried to rise yesterday morning to prepare her daughter's dinner. A son of Mrs. Rich, who lives at Arlington, Mass., intending to surprise his mother and sister after a long absence, joined his aunt and came on the long journey across the continent, picturing in his mind the joyful welcome

to be given him when he should take them by complete surprise. He arrived in the city with his aunt yesterday at noon, and they proceeded to Bonita at once, in entire ignorance of the terrible shock awaiting them. The aged mother in rising to serve her daughter had experienced a quick change for the worse about noon, and died shortly afterward, and the devoted sister and son arrived two hours later to find her spirit hardly down and the girl prostrated with grief. The meeting may be better imagined than described. The remains of the deceased were brought to this city, and will be prepared for the long journey to Massachusetts to be undertaken on Tuesday by the sister and son under such different circumstances from their joyful coming. The daughter of the deceased has given up her school and will return with her brother and aunt to the East."

Mr. F. L. Rich and his sister arrived in Arlington with their mother's body on Wednesday, and the funeral services over the remains were held yesterday afternoon, at the residence of Mr. Jones, on Broadway, Rev. I. C. Tomlinson officiating.

LEXINGTON

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Notices of concerts, lectures, entertainments, etc., to which an admission fee is charged, or from which a revenue is derived, must be paid for by advertisements by the line.

The Junior Y. P. S. C. E. meets in Hancock church, on Friday afternoons, at four o'clock.

Relief Corps 97 meets Tuesday, Feb. 7, at 7.30, p. m., at headquarters. It will be the regular meeting.

Feb. 6th the topic of the Christian Endeavor meeting will be "Joy in God's service and in his house." The service will be under the leadership of Misses Emma O. Nichols and Annie E. Muzzey.

That tree hugging the new Hancock church should be removed. It serves no purpose as it now stands and is detrimental to the appearance of the structure.

A phonograph concert will be given at a future date, for the benefit of Hancock church. The phonograph is capable of furnishing one of the most unique entertainments ever listened to.

Prof. Holt's Sunday afternoon singing class, held in Bumstead hall, Bromfield St., is said to be making gratifying progress and winning for itself words of commendation.

The school flags were displayed on their poles at half-mast, on Monday, in honor of America's great statesman, James G. Blaine, who was buried from his home in Washington, D. C., on that day.

Tuesday afternoon the literary club in English literature met with Mrs. A. E. Woodsum, and resumed their interrupted study of Scott, caused by the omission of the meeting on Tuesday of last week.

Miss Davol is holding a pleasant and successful series of dancing lessons this winter, including in the class the young people of the town. The class meets on Monday afternoons in the hall of the Russell House.

There will be a business meeting of the Baptist Society, next Friday evening, February 3d, after the covenant meeting, at 8.30 o'clock. A full attendance is desired as matters of importance will come up for transaction.

Miss E. E. Harrington presided at the meeting of the Young People's Guild held in the vestry of the First Parish church, Sunday evening last. The subject of the service was "Repentance of Sin."

Papers were read by the ladies of the Monday Club, on the "Characteristics of Persian Art," at the meeting, on Monday afternoon. This week the ladies met with Mrs. Francis Ballard, on Hancock street.

Rev. Irving Meredith lectures in Hancock church, Sunday evening next, at the usual hour. It will be the third in the addresses on "How we got the Bible." All interested are invited to be present.

F. C. Jones has got his large and handsome store almost to rights and the public are invited to inspect the radical improvement effected in the same. Mr. Jones is agent for the MINUTE-MAN and will be glad to receive for us new subscriptions and renew old ones.

In tearing away a portion of the old Robinson place at the head of Monument street, an old burial slab was discovered. It is said to be a genuine antique but we leave it to the Historical Society to authenticate and catalogue, and will await their verdict.

The evening service at Hancock church, on Sunday, was addressed by Rev. R. A. Beard, D. D., president of Fargo College. Mr. Beard spoke in regard to the importance of a college education for educational workers in the west. He spoke of this section of the country as the one to take precedence of all others in the future and consequently the best effort and material would be in demand.

A grand coffee party, which took the form of a dance and supper, was held in Town Hall, on Wednesday evening, and was largely attended by the young people of St. Bridget's church, not to speak of the delegations of visitors present from the adjoining towns and cities. The party was given under the auspices of and for the benefit of St. Bridget's Catholic church and was as usual a great financial success, the committee of arrangements having spared no effort to make it a such.

Now that the spring months are not far away it may be timely to suggest that Ivan Mabey, the upholsterer, is competent to attend to all kinds of household work required of a decorator and upholsterer. He is a reliable workman in every branch of the business.

The officers of the Young People's Guild, of the Unitarian Parish, are as follows:—President, J. F. Ballard; vice-presidents, Miss M. P. Kirkland, H. S. Raymond; sec., M. L. Sherman; treas., Miss Edie M. Rankin; executive com., the officers just named, together with Miss M. A. Fiske and Herbert Fowle.

The home of Mrs. Henry W. French, on Hancock street, was the meeting place of the Tourist Club, on Monday of this week. The club is steadily progressing in their tour of old England and is now in Norfolk county. This introduces to their notice various literary characters and on Monday afternoon the ladies had for their subject Elizabeth Frye and Thomas Paine.

Yet another of the oldest citizens of the town passed away, Sunday, Jan. 29. Mrs. Susan Stratton died in her ninetieth year, on this date, at her house on Walnut street. The deceased was born in Ashby but has resided in Lexington during the last years of her life and is related to several families of the town. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. C. A. Staples of the Unitarian church, on Tuesday and the remains were taken to her old home for burial.

Work on the new Hancock church has progressed as rapidly as possible considering the severity of the winter. The copper gutters have been put in place but the weather has been such that the slating of the roof has been much delayed. The frames for the large memorial window spaces have been built and put in position, and it is likely within the coming few months a marked advancement will be discovered in the work.

The new Baptist church presents a picturesque appearance since it has been stanced. The roofs are a moss green, while the towers and superstructure are a dark cherry, in quite pleasing contrast with the field stone work which has an important place in the construction and which gives the building its most attractive feature. Merison, the painter, has been putting on this outside stain as the weather has permitted work on the same.

Memorial services were held at the First Parish (Unitarian) church, the Hancock Congregational church and the Episcopal church of Our Redeemer, on Sunday morning last, in honor of the late Bishop Phillips Brooks. Rev. Mr. Meredith was at one time almost a constant attendant at Trinity church, and he spoke in his sermon of the strong influence of Bishop Brooks over his hearers and gave a warm tribute to the remarkable personality of the great preacher and his absorbing love and faith in humanity. That memorial services were held in churches of differing denominations is in itself eloquent of the characteristics of the man who endeared himself to all classes and sects without distinction. Like Christ, he belonged to the people.

Mrs. Charles C. Goodwin invited a large company of ladies to her pleasant and spacious home on Saturday afternoon, Jan. 28th. This afternoon at home was planned by Mrs. Goodwin to arouse an interest in the younger ladies in Hancock church in a definite organization for missionary work, and although the occasion was pre-eminently a social affair, it yet served the deeper purpose in view. Miss Stanwood, of Boston, the Home Secretary of the Woman's Board, gave a most interesting and instructive talk on "Medical Missionary work," and she was followed by a graphic and entertaining description of the definite work pursued in this line in China, given by Miss Dr. Woodhull, who has been a diligent worker in this field and has but recently returned from her medical and missionary labors in China. After these ladies had finished their addresses the project of forming a Junior Auxiliary of the Woman's Board was discussed by the ladies present and such an organization was finally effected. One of the pleasant social features of the afternoon was the five o'clock "tea" served in the dining room by the hostess and her daughters. Before the ladies repaired to the dining room, however, officers for the new Auxiliary were chosen with Mrs. Irving Meredith as president, Miss Emma Hamlin for vice-president and Mrs. Geo. C. Goodwin to fill the dual position of secretary and treasurer.

Last evening, Feb. 2d, the second in the series of three of the "Russell House Cottillions" took place in the hall of this hostelry. Messrs. Geo. L. Gilmore and Edward P. Merriam, in their capacity as managers, were on hand early to receive the company, which they cordially welcomed to the social festivities of the evening. The assembly was not quite as large as the last one, but was prettily costumed, some of the ladies appearing in new toilettes. A dainty one was of pale blue, edged with shell pink, and a white toilette worn with garlands of deep red flowers was peculiarly striking and becoming to its blonde wearer. Another attractive and fresh gown was of blossom pink silk, also one of brilliant red gauze, and a pretty aprigged white India silk. Music was furnished by a pianist and violinist, the former chosen for the german were novel and the favors attractive souvenirs of the party.

THE KIND THAT CURES



H. B. HITCHCOCK, Springfield, Mass.

The following wonderful testimonial from Mr. H. B. Hitchcock, who was shipping clerk for the Powers Paper Co. for 18 yrs., and who now resides at No. 100 Water St., Springfield, Mass.—"I have that DANA'S is 'THE KIND THAT CURES' DANA'S SARSAPARILLA CO.:—GENTLEMEN—I am now 41 years old, and some 18 years ago I began to feel an all-over tired feeling would permeate my whole being. I grew worse and worse, and as the years went by, I employed in all seven Physicians—tried a noted Sarsaparilla, but received no benefit. I had terrible headaches—had to live on the most simple diet—my stomach was so weak that it would retain only the lightest food—had severe constipation. It was hard work for me to rise from my bed. My nerves were prostrated to such a degree that I could not bear to be left alone in a room—I seemed as though I should fly, and I felt that I would rather die than live. This was my condition last November when I began taking

DANA'S SARSAPARILLA

as a last resort. It helped me from the first. I have taken only four bottles. I can eat anything—sleep like a child, and am in fact completely CURED. DANA'S is the only medicine I would recommend for it cures when all others fail. Yours very truly, H. B. HITCHCOCK. No. 100 Water St., Springfield, Mass.

Dana Sarsaparilla Co., Belfast, Maine.

MR. EDITOR:—I wish through the columns of your valuable paper to call attention to the miserable appearance and condition, generally speaking, of the sidewalks in the centre of the town, and ask, since the town has by vote accepted "The betterment law" which, as I understand, gives it the power to make repairs and possibly concrete side walks where needed, and assess the abutters one-half the cost, why so little has been done. For an old historic town, where the inhabitants are so patriotic and take so much pride in its appearance and growth and where so many strangers come sight-seeing, such neglect of the sidewalks seems unpardonable. The Town spends money without stint to make the roads good and passable in all weathers for those who ride in carriages, but it seems to be heedless of the convenience and comfort of the great body of the people who are foot passengers from choice or necessity, who must needs plod their way over muddy and uneven side walks, and in wet weather pick their way from one spot to another, vainly essaying to keep their feet dry and skirts clean. Leaving out the question of comfort or convenience, there is perhaps nothing which will so improve the appearance of this village or do more to attract and bring in new residents, than good sidewalks well kept. I call attention to the centre village for the east is far ahead of it in the matter of sidewalks and has set an example the centre may well follow. I hope some of the many citizens of the town who feel sufficient interest in this matter will give us the benefit of their suggestions, and that some action towards making a radical improvement in the sidewalks may be taken at the annual town meeting in March.

E. A. SHAW.

The Women's Branch Alliance will hold a meeting in the parlor of the First Parish church, on Tuesday, Feb. 7, at half-past two. The subject for consideration will be "Wrestling and blessing." All ladies interested are cordially invited to attend.

The party of young people from Roxbury and Boylston station who visited Mr. Arthur Jewett on the evening of Jan. 25th, at his cosy old homestead at E. Lexington, was a merry one indeed. The residents along the line of route who were rudely awakened from the first sound slumber of the night or prematurely wrenched from the embrace of morphia in the early morn by the merry peals of laughter, joyous song and discordant notes of the indispensable fish horns, will sorrowfully bear testimony to this fact. The trip was a rare treat indeed, extending as it did through some of the most picturesque country with nature looking her prettiest in her garment of white and with the air as balmy yet exhilarating. The scenes that were enacted under Mr. Jewett's friendly roof will long live in the memory of all present. After a variety of games and a bounteous repast had been indulged in the company was treated to a choice selection of recitations, given very creditably by Mr. Leo J. Easman of Boston, John A. Seelicher of Roxbury, and Miss Nellie Nickerson of Boylston. It was early morn when the party broke up, and it is needless to say that the excursion was voted a grand success and Mr. Jewett a capital host.

Electric Bitters.

This remedy is becoming so well known and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters sing the same song of praise. A purer medicine does not exist and it is guaranteed to do all that it claims. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the Liver and Kidneys, and will remove Pimples, Boils, Salt Rheum, and other affections caused by impure blood. Will drive malaria from the system and prevent as well as cure all Malarial fevers. For cure of Headache, Constipation and Indigestion try Electric Bitters. Bitter satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Price 50 cts. and \$1.00 per bottle. Sole Importers of A. A. Tilden, Arlington, and H. A. Perham, Lexington.